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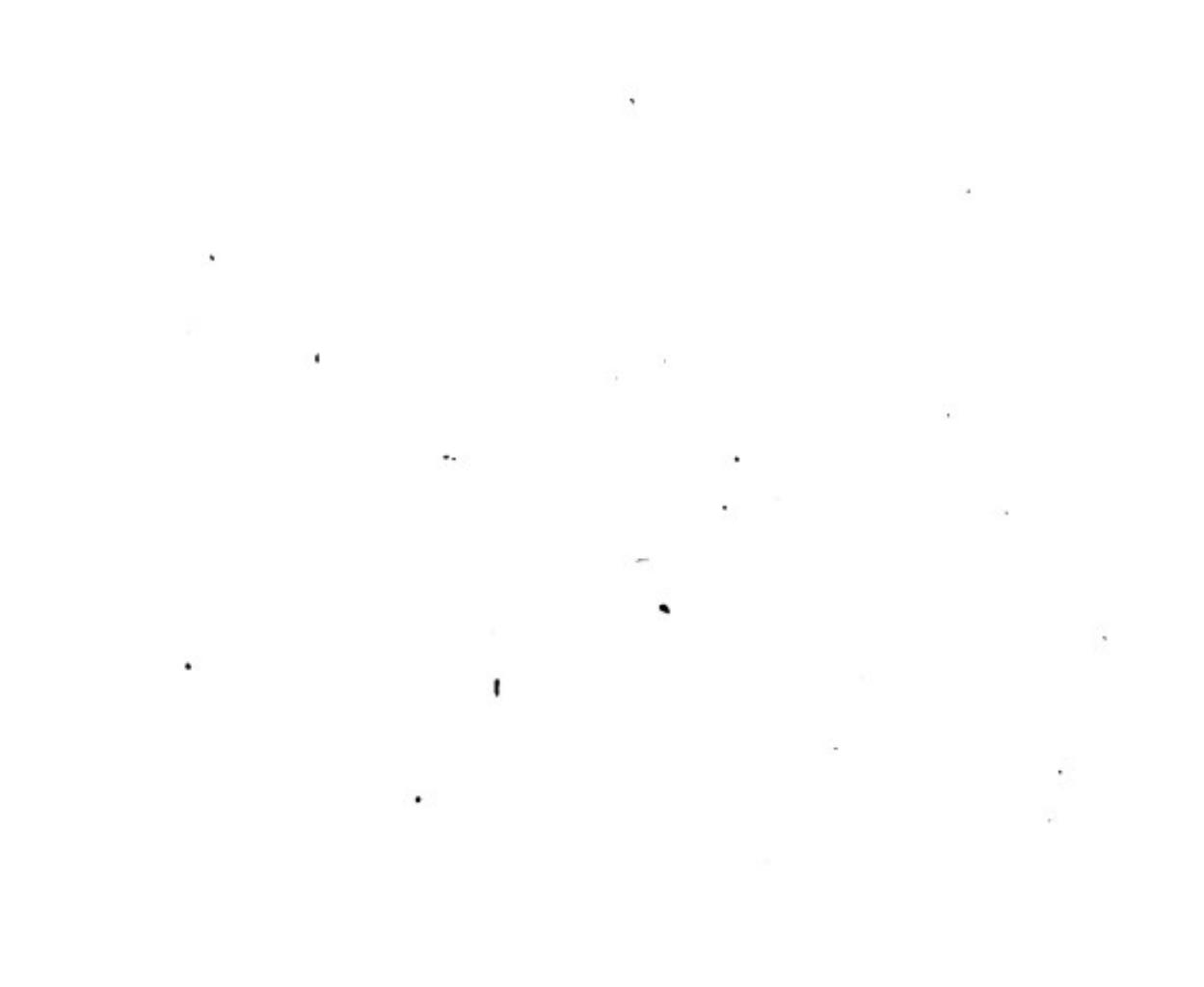


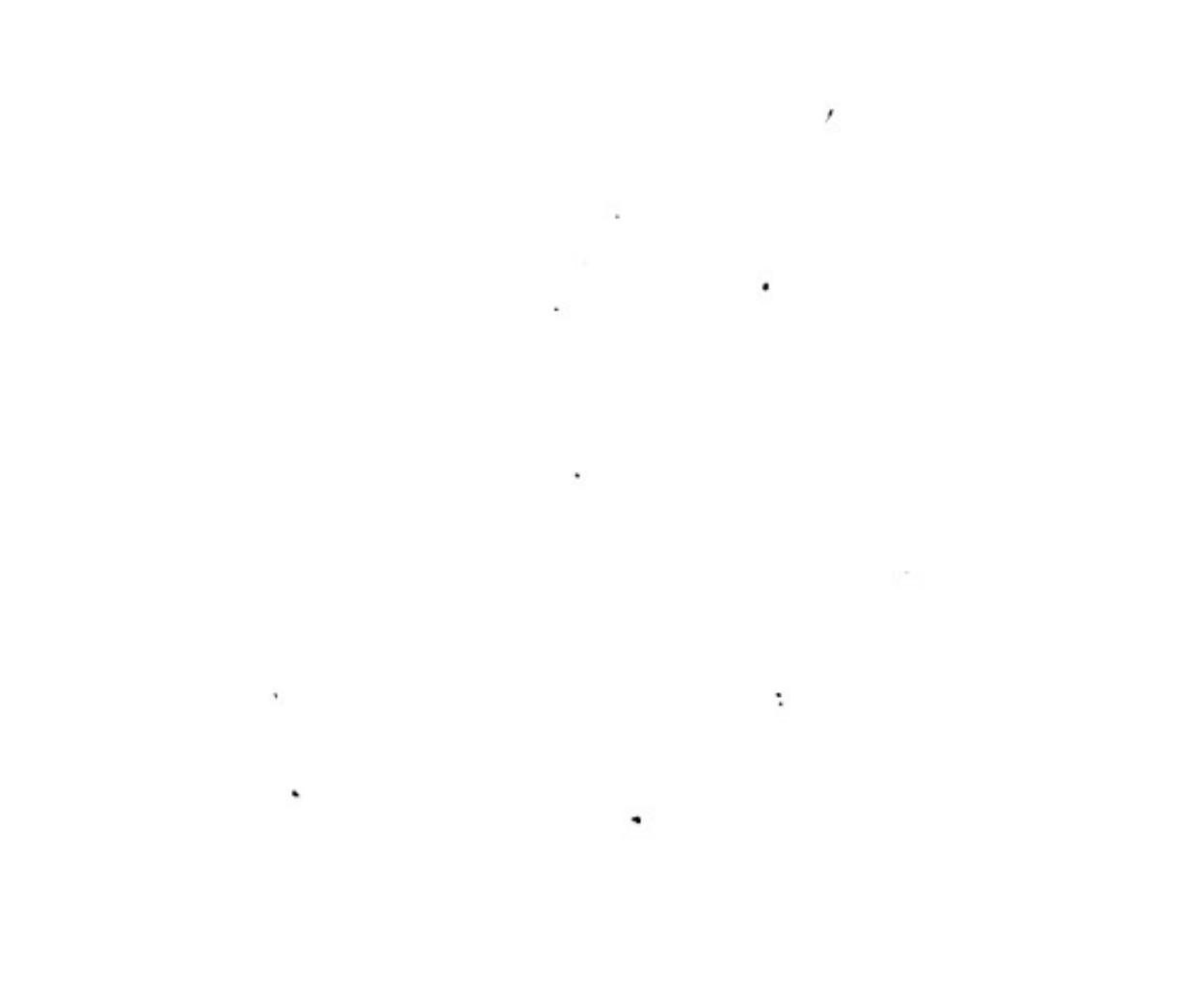


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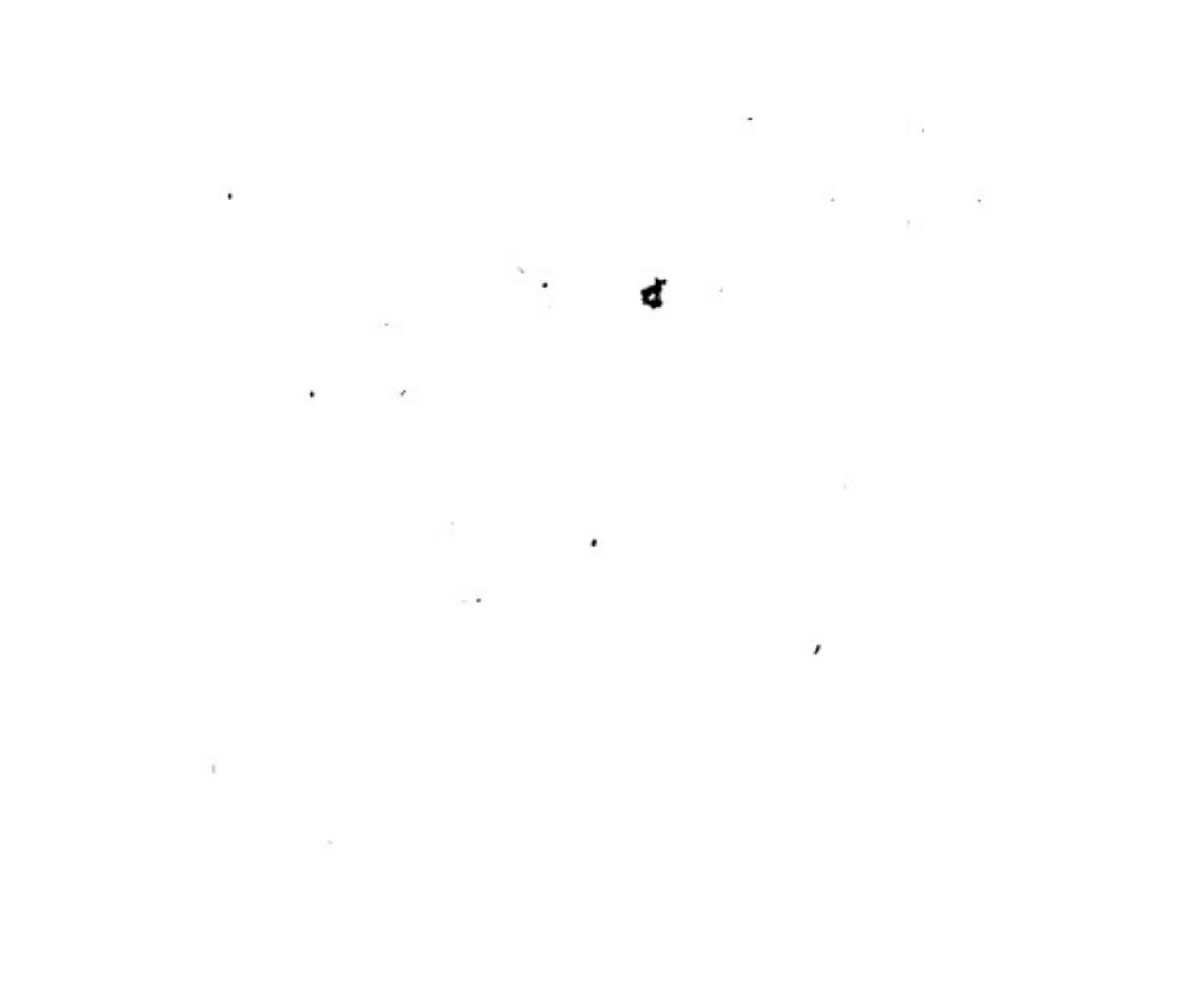
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THE ORPHAN; OR, THE UN-  
HAPPY MARRIAGE.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IX.

**F8606 A**  
FOR, LENOX AND  
EN FOUNDATIONS  
1929      L

BY

THOMAS OTWAY.  
OC

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,  
*Dean Street,*

FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK HOUSE,  
PICCADILLY.

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1804.

C. H.



"impossible: since the world has  
tend to me to judge of this poem to my  
, as the most pardonable fault, which I  
in its kind, I had sinned against myself  
not chosen this opportunity to implore  
ambition is most fond of) your favour  
ction.

igh fortune would not so far bless my en-  
as to encourage them with your Royal  
presence, when this came into the world;  
not but declare, it was my design and  
right have been your diversion in  
' season, when you returned again, to  
lose eyes that had before wept for your  
and enliven all hearts that had drooped  
sence. When wit ought to have paid its  
butes in, and joy have known no limits,  
d my little mite would not have been  
ough my ill fortune was too hard for me,  
greater honour, by your Royal Highness's  
in all the applauses of the world besides  
e reparation for.  
ss, I thought myself - - -

picture, and make it by themselves, no such walls  
false lights to set it off. And your virtue can re-  
ceive no more lustre from practices, than your  
beauty can be improved by art; which, as it charms  
the bravest prince that ever amazed the world with  
his virtue; so, let but all other hearts inquire into  
themselves, and then judge how it ought to be  
praised.

Your love too, as none but that great hero who  
has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particu-  
lar lot from Heaven, was destined to so extraordi-  
nary a blessing, so matchless for itself, and so won-  
drous for its constancy, shall be remembered to  
your immortal honour, when all other transactions  
of the age you live in shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask pardon for the fault  
I have been all this while committing. Wherefore I  
beg your Highness to forgive me this presumption,  
and that you will be pleased to think well of one who  
cannot help resolving with all the actions of life, to  
endeavour to deserve it: nay more, I would beg, and  
hope it may be granted, that I may, through yours,  
never want an advocate in his favour, whose heart  
and mind you have so entire a share in; it is my

numble thoughts, which still have  
sway'd his pride much doubting, trembling and afraid  
'f what is to his want of merit due,  
nd aw'd by ev'ry excellence in you,  
he author sends to beg you will be kind,  
nd spare those many faults you needs must find.  
ou, to whom wit a common foe is grown,  
e thing ye scorn and publicly disown.  
ough now, perhaps, ye're here for other ends,  
e swears to me ye ought to be his friends :  
e ne'er call'd ye yet insipid tools ;  
e wrote one line to tell ye you were fools :  
says of wit ye have so large a store,  
very much you never will have more.  
ne'er with libel treated yet the Town,  
names of honest men bedaub'd and shown.  
, never once lampoon'd the harmless life,  
uburb virgin, or of city wife.  
e's th' effect of poetry's disease,  
ch, sick of a lewd age, she vents for ease,  
ow her only strife should be to please.  
of ill fate the baneful {

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

Acasto, a Nobleman retired from the Court;  
living privately in the Country.

Ustalio, } his Sons.  
Dydore,

Ramont, a young Soldier of Fortune, Brother  
of Monimia.

Nesto.

Zge.

Captain.

Roast.

Monimia, the Orphan, left under the Guard  
ship of old Acasto.

Rina, Acasto's Daughter.

Sorella, Monimia's Woman.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

after PAULINA and ERNESTO.

TIS strange, Ernesto, this severity  
that reign powerful in Acasto's mind,  
the court where he was bred and liv'd,  
that heap'd on him that pow'r could give.  
Tis true, he hither came a private gentle-  
man, and brave, and of a family [man,  
and noble, as the empire holds.  
What he has gain'd are justly his;  
gain'd them in war: thrice has he led  
against the rebels, and as often  
with victory. The world has not

After a London author.

ng he can  
joys, as griefs, partake  
o well they love,  
for each other born.  
parent in an offspring happier;  
too, whose blooming age  
is equal to her beauty.  
there is a friendship 'twixt the  
nature chosen too [brethren,  
of her thoughts and wishes,  
union of her harmless pleasures.  
the beauteous orphan, fair  
[Chamont.

**End**  
**Cast.**  
Has been  
When on a  
And in his  
The desperat  
And bore the  
Pol. But  
Cast. A  
the person

*SCENE II. A Garden.*

*Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, and PAGE.*

*Cast.* Polydore, our sport

Has been to-day much better for the danger ;  
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,  
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,  
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,  
'And bore me headlong with him down the rock.

*Pol.* But then—

*Cast.* Ay, then, my brother, my friend Polydore  
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,  
Came on, and down the dangerous precipice leap  
To save Castalio. 'Twas a godlike act!

*Pol.* But when I came, I found you conqueror.  
Oh, my heart danc'd to see your danger past!  
The heat and fury of the chase was cold,  
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

*Cast.* So, Polydore, methinks we might in w<sup>th</sup>  
Rush on together ; thou shouldst be my guard  
And I be thine ; what is't could hurt us then  
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,

By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,  
To shew your heart as naked in this point,  
As you would purge you of your sins to Heav'n.

*Cast.* I will.

*Pol.* And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear  
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend,

*Cast.* As calmly as the wounded patient bears  
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.

*Pol.* That's kindly said. You know our father's  
The fair Monimia. Is your heart at peace? [ward,  
Is it so guarded that you could not love her?

*Cast.* Suppose I should?

*Pol.* Suppose you should not, brother?

I'll  
Can  
be me  
that 1  
Pad  
Can  
in a  
Pad  
Can  
Who  
Pad  
Can  
le; 1

" on his throne, by all his guards  
was wishes, fears, and nice suspicions,  
not bear a rival in my friendship,  
much in love, and fond of thee.  
Let you will break this friendship.  
Not for crowns.

at for a toy you would, a woman's toy;  
Istalio!  
Rithee, where's my fault?  
Iu love Monimia.  
es.

I you would kill me,  
rival.  
sure we're such friends,  
ie man, that our affections too  
ted, and the same as we are.  
t upon Monimia.

e her still;  
by her.  
of us cannot.  
latter

? It prove; but last - .

*Cast.* By yon Heav'n, I love  
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys ;  
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest  
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.  
*Pol.* And by that Heaven eternally I swear  
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.  
Whose shall Monimia be ?

*Cast.* No matter whose.  
*Pol.* Were you not with her privately last n  
*Cast.* I was, and should have met her here a  
But th' opportunity shall now be thine ;  
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love :  
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,  
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.  
Urge all thy pow'rs, to make thy passion prosp  
But wrong not mine.

*Pol.* Heaven blast me if I do.  
*Cast.* If't prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conc  
For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion,)  
rust me, and let me know thy love's success,  
hat I may ever after stifle mine.  
*Pol.* Though she be dearer to my soul than

• ~~wast~~ caught  
• ~~wast~~ his play-thing to another hand,  
• ~~wast~~ its harm, and fain would have it back.  
near, Cordelio. I must chide you, sir.  
ge. Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?  
n. I never see you now; you have been kinder,  
my bed, and sung me pretty songs;  
• I've been ungrateful. Here's money for  
you oblige me? Shall I see you oft'ner? [you:  
Madam, I'd serve you with my soul:  
the morning when you call me to you,  
your bed I stand, and tell you stories,  
isham'd to see your swelling breasts,  
es me blush, they are so very white.  
• Oh, men! for flatt'ry and deceit renown'd!  
when y're young, ye learn it all like him,  
our years increase, that strengthens too,  
poor maids, and make our ruin easy.'  
ordelio, for thou oft hast heard  
dly converse, and their bosom secrets;  
at least, have they not talk'd of me?  
madam, very wickedly they  
aid to name it.

I'd with love, and smiling shew'd  
e, not the pangs of his desire.  
woman's smiles should buy his freedom ;  
le is a mortifying thing.  
n I am ruin'd, if Castalio's false.  
re faith and honour to be found ?  
it guard the innocent, and guide  
protect, and take me to your care.  
e him ! There's the rock will wreck me !  
ade with all my sex's softness,  
e cunning to conceal its follies ?  
llie tow him with his falsehoods

all  
Pec  
Desire  
At first  
Pericorn  
Not when  
Strange  
Unusu'd  
Mov. They  
Therefore  
In th:

om;

At first alone long wander'd up and down,  
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts ;  
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,  
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,  
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

*Mon.* The first created pair indeed were blest'd;  
They were the only objects of each other,  
Therefore he courted her, and her alone :  
But in this peopled world of beauty, where  
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin  
A thousand more, why need you talk to me ?

*Pol.* Oh ! I could talk to thee for ever. Thus  
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze  
On those dear eyes ; for every glance they send  
Darts through my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.

*Mon.* How can you labour thus for my undoing ?

I must confess, indeed, I owe you more  
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.

*There always was a friendship 'twixt our families.*  
*And therefore, when my tender parents dy'd,*  
*Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them.*

on. Here on my knees, by Heaven's direst power  
I swear, [Kneel.]

I persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,  
rather wander through the world a beggar,  
live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;  
though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit  
mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

ol. Intolerable vanity! your sex  
never in the right! y're always false  
illy; ev'n your dresses are not more  
tastic than your appetites; you think  
nothing twice. Opinion you have none.  
day y're nice, to-morrow not so free;  
smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;  
pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!  
me you affect; inconstancy's your practice;  
when your loose desires once get dominion,  
hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;  
ry rauk fool goes down—  
son. Indeed, my lord,  
vn my sex's follies; I have 'em all.  
I, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.  
~~unless~~ believe me could you raise me high

*Surfeit on joys, till ev'n desire grows sick ;  
Then, by long absence, liberty regain,  
And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.*

[Exeunt.]

---

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. A Saloon.

Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, and POLYDORE.

Acast. To-day has been a day of glorious sport.  
When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,  
Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,  
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,  
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up hi:-.  
They seem'd a grove of spears  
Foaming he came . . .

It is a grave consideration whether it be better  
To squeeze him by the hand, and praise his godly  
complexion? [Lordish]

" *Pol.* Courts are the places where best manner,  
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools  
Make shew. Why should I vex and chafe me  
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I [spleen]  
Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies,  
And ride him to advantage as I please? —

" *Acast.* Who merit, ought indeed to rise i'th'  
world;

But no wise man that's honest shou'd expect it.  
What man of sense would rack his generous mind,  
To practise all the base formalities  
And forms of business? force a grave starch'd face,  
When he's a very libertine in's heart?  
Seem not to know this or that man in public,  
When privately perhaps they meet together,  
And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin?  
Such things are done."

*Cast.* Your lordship's wrongs have been  
great, that you with justice may complain;  
it suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt

So would I, but not with my active  
Not loiter out my life at home, and know  
No farther than one prospect gives me leave,  
Acast. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;  
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,  
And scorn a proud ill-manner'd knave in office.

*Enter SERINA.*

Ser. My lord, my father!  
Acast. Blessings on my child,  
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?  
Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news.  
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd  
Is just arriv'd, and entering.  
Acast. By my soul,  
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;  
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

*Enter CHAMONT.*

Welcome thou relict of the best lov'd man.  
Welcome from all the turmoils and tho:  
Of certain danger and unceas:  
Welcome as ha:

d I'm at least her brother by ~~any~~  
r you have made yourself to me a father,  
d by that patent I have leave to love her.

*Ser.* Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,  
ill flatter, feign, and make an art of love.

Chainont so? No, sure, he's more than man,  
mething that's near divine, and truth dwells in  
him. [pow'r,

*Acast.* Thus happy, who would envy pompous  
ie luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?

et there be joy through all the house this day!

ev'ry room let plenty flow at large,  
is the birth-day of my royal master.

ou have not visited the court, Chamont,  
nce your return.

*Cha.* I have no business there;  
have not slavish temperance enough  
attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his smiles,  
ear an ill office done me to my face,  
nd thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

*Acast.* This you could do. [To his Sons.

*Cast.* I'd serve my prince.

*Acast.* Who'd serve him?

Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy;  
For this be ever blest my marriage-day,  
Blest be your mother's memory that bore you,  
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour  
That gave ye birth. " Yes, my aspiring boys,  
" Ye shall have business, when your master wants you.  
" You cannot serve a nobler: - I have serv'd him;  
" In this old body yet the marks remain  
" Of many wounds; I've with this tongue proclaim'd  
" His right, e'en in the face of rank rebellion;  
" And when a foul-mouth'd traitor once profan'd  
" His sacred name, with my goed sabre drawn,  
" E'en at the head of all his giddy rout,  
" I rush'd, and clove the rebel to the chine."

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arriv'd.  
Acast. Go you, and give 'em welcome and recep-  
tion.

[*Exeunt Castilio, Polydore, Serina, &c.*

Cha. My Lord, I stand in need of your assistance  
In something that concerns my peace and honour.

Acast. Youke like the son of that brave man I

ha. " infant, to the dead  
id prov'd another parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cha. Far be it from my fears.

Acast. Then why this argument?

Cha. My lord, my nature's jealous,

Acast. Go on.

Cha. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly.

Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,  
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,  
And make us, rather than be thought behind-hand,  
Pay over-price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift;

Distrust you me?

Cha. No, but I fear her weakness  
May make her pay her debt at any rate;

And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,  
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me. [so

Acast. Then first charge her; and if th' offend  
Within my reach, though it should touch my na-

In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance  
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd it  
... prosecute it with severest vengeance. [E

rdly.

ind-hand,

dness,  
[found  
ence be  
ature,  
ce  
n,  
xit.

"... *what ever fortune* *you'll possesst* "  
Twas a large trust, and must be managed nicely;  
Now, if by any chance, Monimia,  
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,  
How will you account with me?

Mon. I challenge envy,  
Malice, and all the practices of hell,  
To censure all the actions of my past  
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!

Cha. I'll tell thee, then; three nights ago, as I  
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,  
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat  
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs.  
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,  
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd  
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;  
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand  
A wanton lover, who by turns caref'st thee,  
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.  
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment  
Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me.  
Then rose, and call'd for lights, when, oh, dire  
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd  
Just where that farror

e tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,  
which serv'd to keep her cascads from the cold;  
there was nothing of a piece about her.  
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
in diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,

d seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.  
ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me ;  
then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten  
to save a sister : at that word I started !

*Mon.* The common cheat of beggars, every day  
they flock about our doors, pretend to gifts  
prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

*Cha.* Oh ! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,  
in it bore great circumstance of truth ;  
Astalio and Polydore, my sister.

*Mon.* Hah !

*Cha.* What, alter'd ! does your courage fail you ;  
Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest.  
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them  
thy honour at a sordid game ?

*Mon.* I will,

bait thee to thy ruin.  
man ; we are by nature false,  
cunning, subtle, cruel, and inconstant.  
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him ;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.  
I charge thee let no more Castalio sooth thee ;  
Avoid it, as thou would'st preserve the peace  
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

*Mon.* I will. [great ones

*Cha.* Appear as cold, when next you meet, as  
When merit begs ; then shalt thou see how soon  
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy.

[Exit.

*Mon.* Yes, I will try him ; torture him severely ;  
For, oh, Castalio ! thou too much hast wrong'd me,  
In leaving me to Polydore's ill-usage.  
He comes ; and for once, oh, love, stand neuter,  
Whilst a hard part's perform'd ! for I must 'tempt  
Wound his soft nature, though my heart aches for't.

[Exit.

*Enter CASTALIO.*

*Cast.* Monimia. Monimia ! — "

*Enter MONIMIA and CASTALIO.*

*Cas.* Monimia, my angel ! 'twas not kind  
To leave me like a turtle here alone,  
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.  
When thou art from me, every place is desert,  
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn ;  
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,  
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

*Mon.* Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless  
'Tis thus the false hyæna makes her moan [men !  
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.  
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all,  
With sighs and plaints y'entice poor women's hearts,  
And all that pity you are made your prey.

*Cast.* What means my love ? Oh, how have I  
deserv'd  
This language from the sov'reign of my joys ?  
Stop, stop those tears, Monimia, for they fall,  
Like baneful dew from a distempered sky ;  
I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.

*Mon.* Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn !  
Attempt no farther to delude my faith ;  
My heart is fixt, and you shall shak't no more.

*Cast.* It never wants pretences or excuse.

*Mon.* Man therefore was a lord-like creature  
Rough as the winds and as inconstant too : [made,  
A lofty aspect given him for command,  
Easily soften'd when he would betray.

Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,  
While you are pleas'd to forage for a while;  
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave  
The ravag'd province ruinate and waste.  
If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,  
I find that desolation's settled there,  
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

*Cast.* Who can hear this and bear an equal mind ?  
Since you will drive me from you, I must go ;  
But, oh, Monimia ! When thou hast banish'd me,  
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull  
As artful woman for her ends would choose,  
Shall ever doat as I have done : for, oh !  
No tongue my pleasure nor my pain can tell,  
'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell.

*Mon.* Castalio, stay ! we must not part. I find  
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.  
*These little quarrels,* love must needs forgive,

ill by attention he forgot his sorrows ;  
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties,  
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.  
To touch thee's heaven, but to enjoy thee.  
Thou nature's whole perfection in one piece ;  
Sure framing thee Heaven took unusual care ;  
Is its own beauty it design'd thee fair,  
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there.

[Eric.]



## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter POLYDORE and PAGE.

Pol. Were they so kind ? Express it to me all  
In words 'twill make me think I saw it too.

It must be so : we parted, and he met her,  
Half to compliance brought by me ; surpris'd  
Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.  
So poachers basely pick up tired game,  
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.

Boy!

Page. My lord!

Pol. Go to your chamber, and prepare your lute :  
Find out some song to please me, that describes  
Women's hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,  
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies ;  
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds ;  
The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told !

Pol. The matter !

Serv. Oh ! your father, my good master,  
As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,  
And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,  
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs ;  
~~His eyes distorted grew ; his visage pale ;~~  
~~fear took him : life itself seem'd fled~~

Bless it with long uninterrupted days!  
Oh, may he live till time itself decay,  
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!  
*Acast.* Thank you, Castalio; give me both  
hands,

And bear me up, I'd walk.—So, now methin'—  
I appear as great as Hercules himself,  
Supported by the pillars be had rais'd.

*Cast.* My lord, your chaplain.

*Acast.* Let the good man enter.

*Enter CHAPLAIN.*

*Chap.* Heav'n guard your lordship, and restor  
your health.

*Acast.* I have provided for thee, if I die.  
No fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy office.  
My sons, as thus united ever live;  
And for th' estate, you'll find when I am dead,  
I have divided it betwixt you both,  
Equally parted, as you shar'd my love;  
Only to sweet Monimia I've bequeath'd  
Ten thousand crowns; a little portion for her,  
To wed her honourably as she's born

*Act 3.*

**THE ORPHAN**

" If you have children, never give  
" Twill-spoil their fortune; fools  
" If you've religion, keep it to you  
" Atheists will else make use of t  
" And laugh you out on't. Never  
" Except you mean to pass for kn  
" And cheat believing fools that

*Enter SERINA*

*Ser.* My father!  
*Acast.* My heart's darling!  
*Ser.* Let my knees  
Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my e  
But wake and weep, till Heaven i  
*Acast.* Rise to my arms, and th  
- answer'd.  
For thou'rt a wond'rous extract o  
Born for my joy, and no pain's fe  
Chamont!

*Acast.* Chamont, you told me of some doubts  
pres'd you,

*Are you yet satisfy'd that I'm your friend?*

*Cha.* My lord, I would not lose that satisfact  
For any blessing I could wish for.

*As to my fears, already I have lost 'em ;*  
*They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you*

*Acast.* I thank you. Daughter you must d  
My friends, 'tis late;

*Now my disorder seems all past and over,*  
*And, I, methinks, begin to feel new health.* [c

*Cast.* Would you but rest, it might restore

*Acast.* Yes, I'll to bed; old men must hu  
weakness:

*Let me have music then, to lull and chase*  
*This melancholy thought of death away.*

*Good-night, my friends; Heav'n guard ye all!* ;  
night!

- but Nor I gravely whimsical; he has good-nature,  
And I have manners.
- His sons too are civil to me, because  
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are.
- me. I meddle with no man's business but my own;
- thus. I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
- I talk Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
- I that Take my innocent pleasures freely;
- So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the fa-
- tion Cha. I'm glad you are so happy. [mily.
- A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [Aside.
- Knew you my father, the old Chamont?
- Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.
- to se Cha. Why, didst thou love him?
- [too. Chap. Ev'ry body lov'd him; besides he was my  
master's friend.
- Chap. I could embrace thee for that very notion.
- mite. If thou didst love my father, I could think
- you Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.
- most Chap. I can be no man's foe!
- Chap. Then prithee tell me,
- Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?
- " Nay, never start. Come, come. I know thy office

" Cha. You do.

" Chap. Who are not to be trusted with the secret.

" Cha. Why, I am no fool.

" Chap. So indeed you say.

" Cha. Prithee be serious then.

" Chap. You see I am so,

" And hardly shall be mad enough to-night

" To trust you with my ruin.

" Cha. Art thou then

" So far concern'd in't? What has been thy office?

" ... formal steady villain's face!

" ... hawds they say,

Chap.  
Cha.  
not why  
Chap.  
With ob-  
le trans-  
Cha.  
cannot  
do no  
Wendell  
in

~~men.~~  
Chap. Foo by all

That's dear to me, by th' honour of my name,  
And by that power I serve, it never shall."

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house  
was busy,

When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,  
I was walking in the grove I met them.

Cha. What! met them in the grove together?  
Tell me

W. walking, standing, sitting, lying, hah!

Chap. I, by their own appointment, met them  
there, [hands,  
Rev'd their marriage-vows, and join'd their  
ha. How! marry'd!

Chap. Yes, sir.

W. Then my soul's at peace.

Chap. Why would you so long delay to give it?

W. Not knowing what reception it may find  
With Acasto; may be I was too cautious  
To let the secret from me.

Chap. What's the cause

But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?  
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;  
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.

*Pol.* So hot, my brother!

[*Polydore at the Door.*

*Mom.* 'Twill be impossible;  
You know your father's chamber's next to mine,  
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

*Cast.* Impossible! impossible! alas!  
Is't possible to live one hour without thee?  
" Let me behold those eyes ; they'll tell me truth.  
" Hast thou no longing ? art thou still the same  
" Cold, icy virgin ? No ; thou'rt alter'd quite :  
" Haste, haste to bed, and let loose all thy wishes."

*Mom.* 'Tis but one night, my lord ; I pray be rul'd.  
*Cast.* Try if thou'st power to stop a flowing tide,

Or in a tempest make the seas be calm ;  
And when that's done, I'll conquer my desires.

*No more, my blessing.* What shall be the sign ?  
*When shall I come ?* for to my joys I'll steal,  
*As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.*

Of souls, that by intelligence converse.  
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,  
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry power dissolv'd.  
Away, my love ; " first take this kiss. Now haste."  
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute  
past. [Exit Mon.

My brother wand'ring too so late this way !

Pol. Castalio !

Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou ?  
How does our father ? Is he well recover'd

Pol. I left him happily repos'd to rest ;  
He's still as gay as if his life were young.  
But how does fair Monimia ?

Cast. Doubtless, well :  
A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleas'd,  
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was ?  
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould ?

Cast. She's not woman else :  
Though I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping ;  
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.

Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,  
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.

But can discern your purpose to abuse me.  
Quit your pretences to her.

*Cast.* Grant I do;  
You love capitulations, Polydore,  
And but upon conditions would oblige me.

*Pol.* You say you've reasons; why are they coi  
*Cast.* To-morrow I may tell you. [ceal'd

*Pol.* Why not now?

*Cast.* It is a matter of such consequence,  
As I must well consult ere I reveal.  
But prithee cease to think I would abuse thee,  
Till more be known.

*Pol.* When you, Castalio, cease  
To meet Monimia unknown to me,  
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease  
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.  
Did not I see you part this very moment?

*Cast.* It seems you've watch'd me, then?

*Pol.* I scorn the office.

*Cast.* Prithee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

*Pol.* That is henceforward making leagues wi  
you.

*Cast.* Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good night.

Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?

*Page.* My lord, I could do any thing for you,  
And ever be a very faithful boy.

Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;  
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey  
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;  
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

*Pol.* 'Tis pity, then, thou should'st not be em-  
ploy'd.

Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,  
Undressing, and preparing for his rest:  
Find out some means to keep him up awhile;  
Tell him a pretty story, that may please  
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:  
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone  
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,  
Whether he'll hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore,  
Dissemble with thy brother! that's one point.

[*Aside.*]

But do not leave him till he's in his bed,  
Or if he chance to walk again this way,  
Follow and do not quit him, but seem fond  
To do him little offices of service.

*Maid at the Window.] Who's there:*

*Pol.* 'Tis I.

*Maid.* My lord Castalio?

*Pol.* The same.

*Maid.* How does my love, my dear Monimia?

*Maia.* Oh!

*He* wonders much at your unkind delay;  
you've staid so long that at each little noise  
the wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

*Pol.* Tell her I'm here, and let the door be  
open'd.

[*Maid descends.*]

Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell  
yourself strange stories of a promis'd bliss.

[*The Door unbolts.*]

opens! Hah! what means my trembling flesh!  
arms, do your office, and support me well,  
car me to her, then fail me if you can.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CASTALIO and PAGE.*

— Lord 'twill be a lovely morn-

C  
P  
M  
W  
L  
S  
B  
A  
C  
W  
P  
C  
W  
P  
C  
W  
B  
I  
C  
W  
P  
C  
T  
P

*Cast.* No, my kind boy, the night is too far wast.  
My senses too are quite disrob'd of thought, [ed;  
And ready all with me to go to rest.  
*Good-night.* Command me to my brother.

*Page.* Oh !

You never heard the last new song I learn'd !  
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,  
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were  
caught  
Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.

*Cast.* You must be whipp'd, youngster, if you get  
such songs as those are.

What means this boy's impertinence to-night ?

*Page.* Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord ?

*Cast.* Psalms, child, psalms. [psalms :

*Page.* Oh, dear me ! boys that go to school learn  
But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

*Cast.* Well, leave me. I'm weary.

*Page.* Oh ! but you promis'd me, the last time I  
told you what colour my lady Monimia's stockings  
were of, and that she garter'd them above knee,  
that you would give me a little horse to go a hunting  
upon, so you did. I'll tell you no more stories, ex-

You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

[Exit Page.]

Surely it was a noise! hist—only fancy;  
For all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd,  
" And the perpetual motion standing still,"  
So much she from her work appears to cease;  
And ev'ry warring element's at peace:  
All the wild herds are in the coverts couch'd;  
The fishes to their banks or ouze repair'd,  
And to the murmurs of the waters sleep;  
The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,  
Except of some soft breeze among the trees,  
Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon 'em.  
'Tis now, that, guided by my love, I go  
To take possession of my Monimia's arms.  
Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.  
At midnight thus the us'rer steals untrack'd,  
To make a visit to his hoarded gold,  
And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon.

[Knocks.]

She hears me not; sure she already sleeps,  
Her wishes could not brook so long delay,  
And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.

...ings were wrang from the state of love ;  
They're all in consultation met together,  
Now to reward my truth, and crown her vows.

Maid. Sure the man's mad!

Cast. Or this will make me so.

ey me, or by all the wrongs I suffer,  
scale the window, and come in by force,  
the sad consequence be what it will !

s creature's trifling folly makes me mad !

Maid. My lady's answer is, you may depart.  
says she knows you ; you are Polydore,  
t by Castalio, as you were to-day,  
ffront and do her violence again.

Cast. I'll not believe't.

Maid. You may, sir.

Cast. Curses blast thee !

Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning ; and, I hope,  
cure the raging fever in your blood.  
l-night.

Cast. And farewell all that's just in women !  
is contriv'd ; a studied trick, to abuse

isy nature, and torment my mind.

e now she's bound me fast and ... [it,

By sense I heard the sound " — — —  
And none, whose mind's at peace,

" Cast. Who's there?

" Ern. A friend.

" Cast. If thou'rt so, retire,  
" And leave this place; for I would be alone."

Ern. Castalio! my lord, why in this posture,  
Stretch'd on the ground? Your honest, true old servant,

Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.  
Rise, I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art Ernesto,  
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,

Once leave me to my folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,

And not the reason know of your disorders.  
Remember how, when young, I in my arms  
Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your pleasure:  
And sought an early share in your affection:

Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why?  
Because my thoughts

— — — thou, poor wretch, art

A heavy melancholy clogs my heart;  
I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark dreams,  
Sick fancy's children, have been over-busy,  
And all the night play'd farces in my brain.  
Methought I heard the midnight raven cry;  
Wak'd with th' imagin'd noise, my curtain seem'd  
To start, and at my feet my sons appear'd,  
Like ghosts, all pale and stiff; I strove to speak,  
But could not: suddenly the forms were lost,  
And seem'd to vanish in a bloody cloud.  
'Twas odd, and for the present, shook my thoughts;  
But 'twas th' effect of my distemper'd blood;  
And when the health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly.

*Enter POLYDORE.*

Good-morning, Polydore.

*Pol.* Heav'n keep your lordship.

*Acast.* Have you yet seen Castalio to-day?

*Pol.* My lord, 'tis early day; he's hardly risen.

*Acast.* Go, call him up, and meet me in the chape-  
pel. (Exit Polydore.)

**I** cannot think all has gone well to-night;

**F**or as I waking lay, (and sure my sense

eady in your  
we's so very mean  
ition ;  
d most of all beware  
and make me proud.  
man's praises; no,

thee any good,  
argest share of 'em."  
?  
rd!

don't remember any.  
went you early to your  
home. Why this enquiry?  
re decide.

wander  
would rain  
Mad  
Mow. When  
be returnin  
I meet him  
should be kept p  
from the unhol

SCEN

En

Cast. Wish'd met  
plains  
and distant mount

..... answer'd one kind parting word,  
Went away so cold ; the kiss he gave me,  
M'd the forc'd compliment of sated love.  
I had never marry'd !  
*said.* Why ?

*son.* Methinks

Scene's quite alter'd ; I am not the same ;  
Bound up for myself a weight of cares,  
How the burthen will be borne, none knows.  
usband may be jealous, rigid, false !  
Should Castalio e'er prove so to me,  
ender is my heart, so nice my love,  
ould ruin and distract my rest for ever.  
*said.* Madam, he's coming.

*son.* Where, Florella ? where ?

returning ? To my chamber lead ;  
Meet him there, the mysteries of our love  
ld be kept private as religious rites,  
the unhallow'd view of common eyes.

[*Exit Mon. and Maid.*

*SCENE II. A Chamber.*

thus to a distaff chain'd!  
Monimia!

### MONIMIA and MAID.

In Castalio's arms,  
May ev'ry morn begin  
With our days our loves renew.  
ye're satisfy'd—  
[Looking languishingly on him.]

at thou art—Oh—  
speak :  
I, Castalio ? Come, lean  
and tell me where's thy pain.  
; 'tis in my head ; 'tis in my heart;  
: it rages like a madness ;  
der how my reason holds.  
ot, Monimia ; the slave  
ou had secur'd within my breast,  
el, and has broke his chain,  
alks there like a lord at large.  
not then your wife, your lov'd

Come, i  
Morn, i  
Come, i  
Morn, O, i  
And will you  
[He draw  
and  
Help me to bear  
Oh, my heart be  
" I'll not indulge  
" Chaf'd and fo  
" Till with its i  
" With its i

*mon.* Way, do you then repent :

*Cast.* I do.

*Mon.* O, Heaven !

And will you leave me thus ? help, help, Florella !

[*He drags her to the Door, breaks from her and exit.*]

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel man.

Oh, my heart breaks—I'm dying. Oh—" stand off;

" I'll not indulge this woman's weakness ; still

" Chaf'd and fomented let my heart swell on,

" Till with its injuries it burst, and shake

" With the dire blow this prison to the earth.

" *Maid.* What sad mistake has been the cause  
of this?"

*Mon.* Castalio ! Oh ! how often has he swore,  
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow dark,  
Ere he would falsify his vows to me !

Make haste, confusion, then ; sun, lose thy light,  
And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth ;  
For my Castalio's false.

" *Maid.* Unhappy day !"

*Mon.* False as the wind, the waters, or the wea-  
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey : [ther;  
I feel him in my breast he tears my heart.

Leave me alone to my belov'd ~~despair~~.

*Cha.* Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes  
cheer thee.

Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then  
See if my soul has rest, till thou hast justice.

*Mon.* My brother!

*Cha.* Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st  
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.

*Mon.* Oh, Castalio!

*Cha.* Hah!

Name me that name again! my soul's on fire  
Till I know all. There's meaning in that name,  
I know he is thy husband: therefore trust me  
With all the following truth——

*Mon.* Indeed, Chamont,  
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature,  
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,  
I know not why.

*Cha.* You use me ill, Monimia;  
And I might think, with justice, most severely  
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

*Mon.* Truly, I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm

one another. Two unhappy orphans,  
we are, and when I see thee grieve,  
hinks, it is a part of me that suffers.

*Mon.* Oh, shouldest thou know the cause of my  
lamenting,

you wouldst despise the abject, lost Monimia,  
un satisfy'd, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn  
me;

more would praise this hated beauty: but  
ien in some cell distracted, as I shall be,  
ou seest me lie; these unregarded locks  
tted like furies tresses; my poor limbs  
uin'd to the ground, and, 'stead of the delights  
ich happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,  
ed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish  
wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,  
hee have charity and pity for me:  
ne enjoy this thought.

*a.* Why wilt thou rack  
on so long, Monimia? Ease me quickly;  
ou wilt run me into madness first."

Could you be secret?  
Secret as the straw

es, and begg'd  
te like a slave upon the  
pity on my cries.

? did he  
d disdainfully away; with scorn?  
did ! and more, I fear, will ne'er be  
ends,  
still love him with unabated passion.  
now thee from him!

Chas. Do.

Accont. I

Chas. No,

for I would

Weigh most

What have I done?

Accont. Why

Chas. 'Twas the

of too much passion

*Cha.* Do.

*Acast.* I scorn it—

*Cha.* No, I'll calmly hear the story,  
For I would fain know all, to see which scale  
Weighs most—Hah! is not that good old Acasto?  
What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?

*Acast.* Why dost thou ask it?

*Cha.* 'Twas the rude overflowing  
Of too much passion. Pray, my lord, forgive me.

*Acast.* Mock me not, youth, I can revenge a  
wrong. [Kneels.]

*Cha.* I know it well; but for this thought of mine  
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.

*Acast.* I will; but henceforth prithee be more  
kind. [Raises him.]

Whence came the cause?

*Cha.* Indeed I've been to blame;  
But I'll learn better;" for you've been my father.  
You've been her father too—

[Takes Monimia by the Hand.]

flourish'd,

Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to th  
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,  
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its  
Then cast it like a loathsome weed a

*Acast.* You talk to me in parables,  
You may have known that I'm no woi  
Fine speeches are the instruments of  
Of fools, that use 'em when they wan  
But honesty

Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be  
*Cha.* Your son—

*Acast.* I've two; and both, I hope,

*Cha.* I hope so too—but—

*Acast.* Speak.

*Cha.* I must inform you,  
Once more, Castalio!

*Acast.* Still Castalio!

*Cha.* Yes.

Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monim;

*Acast.* Hah! wrong'd her?

*Cha.* Marry'd her.

men, farewell—

[Exit.]

st. Farewell, proud boy.

nia!

i. My lord.

st. You are my daughter. [me.]

i. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own

st. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a  
father. [Exit.]

i. Now I'm undone for ever. Who on earth  
re so wretched as Monimia?

My Castalio cruelly forsaken;

at Acasto now: his parting frowns

ell instruct me, rage is in his heart:

ll be next abandon'd to my fortune,

st out a naked wand'rer to the world,

branded for the mischievous Monimia!

will become of me?" My cruel brother

ing mischiefs too, for ought I know,

y produce bloodshed and horrid murder.

Not be the cause of one man's death

the empress of the earth; nay, more,

lose for ever my Castalio,

unkind Castalio!

And threaten me in such a sumptuous—  
You said you were Castalio—

*Pol.* By those eyes

It was the same: I spent my time much better;  
I tell thee, ill-natur'd fair-one, I was posted  
To more advantage, on a pleasant hill  
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.

*Mon.* Hah—have a care—

*Pol.* Where is the danger near me?

*Mon.* I fear you're on a rock will wreck your quiet,  
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;  
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.  
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?

is I am,  
*Mon.*  
*Pol.* v  
*Speak*  
*Mon.*  
*Pol.* t  
*Mon.*  
now it p  
*Pol.*  
My brot  
*Mon.*  
Meet th  
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b better;  
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ness.

your que  
ir ever;  
ly memori  
uestion ?  
those at  
eart,

nd angel  
accents;

*... .*  
*Pol.* What says Monimia! hah!  
“ Speak that again.”  
*Mon.* I am Castalio's wife.  
*Pol.* His marry'd, wedded wife ?  
*Mon.* Yesterday's sun  
Saw it perform'd.

*Pol.* And then, have I enjoy'd  
My brother's wife?  
*Mon.* As surely as we both  
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.

“ *Pol.* Must we be miserable then ?  
“ *Mon.* Oh !”  
*Pol.* Oh ! thou mayst yet be happy.

*Mon.* Couldst thou be  
*Happy*, with such a weight upon thy soul ?

*Pol.* It may be yet a secret ; I'll go try  
To ~~re~~concile and bring Castalio to thee ;  
While ~~s~~ from the world I take myself away,  
And waste my life in penance for my sin.

*Mon.* Then thou wouldest more undo me ; he  
Of ~~ad~~ded sins upon my wretched head.

" Never grow ionu or ~~content~~  
" Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,  
" And find out ways how to increase affliction :  
" Pol. We'll institute new arts unknown be-  
" To vary plagues, and make 'em look like new :  
" First, if the fruit of our detested joy  
" A child be born, it shall be murder'd——  
" Mon. No ;  
" Sure that may live.  
" Pol. Why ?  
" Mon. To become a thing  
" More wretched than its parents, to be brand-  
" With all our infamy, and curse its birth."  
" Pol. " That's well contriv'd."

Then thus I'll go,  
Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam,  
" Like the first wretched pair expell'd their  
I'll find some place where adders nest in win-  
Loathsome and venomous : where poisons han-  
Like gums against the walls : where witches  
By night, and feed upon some pamper'd imp.  
Fat with the blood of babes : There I'll inha-  
And live up to the height of desperation ;  
Desire shall languish like a withering flow'r  
—thought.

" But hand in hand around me move,  
" Singing the saddest tales of love ;  
" And see, when your complaints ye join,  
" If all your wrongs can equal mine.  
  
" The happiest mortal once was I ;  
" My heart no sorrows knew,  
" Pity the pain with which I die ;  
" But ask not whence it grew.  
" Yet if a tempting fair you find,  
" That's very lovely, very kind,  
" Though bright as heav'n, whose stamp she  
    bears,  
" Think of my fate, and shun her snares."

See where the deer trot after one another,  
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,  
Brother and sister, mingled all together.  
No discontent they know; but in delightful  
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh her-  
Calm arbours, lusty health and innocence, [bage,  
Enjoy their portion; if they see a man,  
How will they turn together all, and gaze  
Upon the monster——

" Your heart from me,  
" Cast. No more Monimia.  
" Acast. Is she not your wife ? [wife]  
" Cast. So much the worse;  
When you would give all worldly plagues a name,  
" Worse than they have already, call 'em wife:  
" But a new-marry'd wife's a teeming mischief,  
" Full of herself! Why, what a deal of horror  
" Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yes-  
terday!"  
Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me,  
And see Monimia.

Lord but mocks me.

Lord. excuse me,

Acast.  
Chas. I  
Cast. I  
Chas. I  
Alarming  
For you  
Monimia  
And all  
From me  
Cast.  
Chas.  
To you

range, but you. I've  
[the]  
at trust your

wife  
loves to hear  
she has a name,  
in wife:  
mischief,  
horror  
haunted ye

one,

one,

young  
she  
had

Cha. Where is the hero, famous  
For wronging innocence and breaking  
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stu-

No woman can appease, nor man pac-

Acast. I guess, Chamont, you co-

Cha. I come to seek the husband

Cast. The slave is here.

Cha. I thought e'er now to've fo-

Atoning for the ills you've done C

For you have wrong'd the dearest

Monimia, young lord, weeps in thi-

And all the tears thy injuries hav-

From her poor eyes, are drops of

Cast. Then you are Chamont?

Cha. Yes, and I hope no strai-

To great Castalio.

Cast. I've heard of such a man

That has been very busy with us

I owe, I'm much indebted to you

And here return the villain back

You sent me by my father.

Cha. Thus I'll thank you.

Cast. By this good sword,

st.

tall

a helpless orphan, destitute  
tune, though th' unhappy sister  
whose sword is all his portion,  
thou proud imperious traitor.  
ine free.

h.

Be artful pro  
To make adv  
Could have  
for t.  
Chas. Parewe  
Cass. Parewe  
deat. Would  
rouse

e.  
safety,  
|  
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,"  
I for.  
heat  
lead  
ce  
us—  
ster  
ion,  
or.

Farewell, I wish much happiness attend you.  
*Ser.* Chamont's the dearest thing I have on earth ;  
Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.  
*Cha.* Witness the gods, how happy I'm in thee !  
" No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring  
" Though the fair child of nature newly born,  
" Can be so lovely." Angry, unkind Castalio,  
Suppose I should a while lay by my passions,  
And be a beggar in Monimia's cause,  
Might I be heard ?  
*Cast.* Sir, 'twas my last request,  
You would, though I find you will not be satisfy'd ;  
So, in a word, Monimia is my scorn ;  
She basely sent you here to try my fears ;  
That was your business ;  
" No artful prostitute, in falsehoods practis'd,  
" To make advantage of her coxcomb's follies,  
" Could have done more." — Disquiet vex her  
for't.  
*Cha.* Farewell. [Exit *Cha.* and *Ser.*  
*Cast.* Farewell—My father, you seem troubled.  
*Acast.* Would I'd been absent when this boisterous brave

are you?" "Oh, —

"Be quickly, where's Castalio.  
The business?  
Ionimia!" —

latter?  
Spain,  
er all the house,  
of each apartment, crying,  
"Give me my Castalio!  
sure she'll grow distracted.  
ne? Does she name Castalio?  
—nosa? Conduct me quickly  
— father!"

so. in a  
If but the  
all at the  
and every  
there art the

Cast. [Enter;  
Mon. No need,

Cast. Have I)

and art thou but  
Why dost thou

Mon. Oh, were I  
in dark oblivion but  
We might be happy,

Cast. Is't then  
A fault, wherefore  
she?"

It's lord, comely as the rising day,  
ten thousand eminently known !  
Spring up where-e'er he treads, his eyes  
ns of brightness, cheering all about him !  
Will they shine on me ?—Oh, stay my soul !  
I die in peace till I have seen him.

**CASTALIO** *within.*

Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,  
It's in love with it ?

Hark ! 'tis he that answers.  
a camp, though at the dead of night,  
the trumpet's cheerful noise is heard,  
the signal leap from downy rest,  
every heart awakes, as mine does now."

Art thou ?

[*Entering.*] Here, my love.

No nearer, lest I vanish.

Have I been in a dream, then, all this while ?  
Thou but the shadow of Monimia ?

I thou fly me thus ?

Oh, were it possible that we could drown  
Oblivion but a few next hours.

Thou art  
a long an-  
tal who  
Mon. 1

t  
Hav' m h-  
With tom-  
Ever to b-  
in some f-  
And from

Cast. V

c  
And neve-  
' Bat, oh

" *Mon.* Ah, me!

" *Cast.* So, in the fields,

" When the destroyer has been out for prey,

" The scatter'd lovers of the feather'd kind,

" Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,

" Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach;

" Till joining thus, they bill, and spread their wings,

" Murmuring love, and joy their fears are over.

" *Mon.* Yet, have a care; be not too fond of peace,

" Lest, in pursuance of the goodly quarry,

" Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee."

*Cast.* My better angel, then do thou inform me,

What danger threatens me, and where it lies:

Whv didst thou /nrithee smile, and tell me whv?

mon. Time will clear all ; but now, let this content you.

Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I'm resolv'd  
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio)  
Ever to be a stranger to thy love ;  
In some far distant country waste my life,  
And from this day, to see thy face no more.

Cast. Where am I ? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,

And never more shall find the way to rest ;  
" But, oh, Monimia ! art thou indeed resolv'd  
" To punish me with everlasting absence ? "

Why turn'st thou from me ; I'm alone already ;  
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,  
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,  
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,

Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd,  
Wilt thou not turn ?—Oh ! could those eyes but  
    speak,

I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em ;  
They swell, they press their beams upon me still.

Vol. IX.

*Enter POLYDORE.*

*Pol.* To live, and live a torment to myself,  
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?  
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,  
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

*Cast.* Who's there? —

*Pol.* Why, what art thou?

*Cast.* My brother Polydore?

*Pol.* My name is Polydore.

*Cast.* Canst thou inform me —

*Pol.* Of what!

*Cast.* Of my Monimia?

*Pol.* No. Good-day.

*Cast.* In haste.

Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.

*Pol.* Indeed, and so to me does my Castalio.

*Cast.* Do I?

*Pol.* Thou dost.

*Cast.* Alas, I've wond'rous reason!

I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.

*Pol.* Why?

*Cast.* Oh! to tell thee, would but put thy heart

*Cast.* I hope I have.

*Pol.* Then tell me why this mourning, this

*Cast.* Oh, Polydore, I know not how to tell  
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts  
The story of my tongue.

*Pol.* I grieve, my friend  
Knows any thing which he's ashamed to tell n  
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from

*Cast.* Oh, much too oft!  
But let me here conjure thee,  
By all the kind affection of a brother,  
(For I'm ashamed to call myself thy friend)  
Forgive me——

*Pol.* Well, go on.

*Cast.* Our destiny contriv'd  
To plague us both with one unhappy love.  
Thou, like a friend, a constant, gen'rous friend  
In its first pangs did trust me with thy passion  
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles i  
thee,

And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.

*Pol.* How!

*Cast.* Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee  
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion

*Pol.* Blind wretch! thou husband! there's a question!

[Fig]

" Go to her fulsome bed, and wallow there :

*Pol.* N

*Cast.*

" Till some hot ruffian, full of lust and wine,

" Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy bargain.

*Pol.* S

" Cast. Hold there, I charge thee."

*Then kin*

*Pol.* Is she not a —————

*Cast.*

*Cast.* Whore?

*Pol.* Ay, whore; I think that word needs no explaining.

*Ye're pai  
If so, the*

*Pol.* B

*Cast.* Alas! I can forgive ev'n this, to thee!

*TV are u*

But let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd

To find thee guilty of such low revenge.

~~thee~~ parent's cub, and thou art he.  
Thou art my brother still.  
thou liest.

Nay then—  
calm.

[He draws.

coward's always so.

Ah!—ah—that stings home——Coward!  
y, base-born coward ! villain!

This to thy heart, then, though my mother  
bore thee.

It ; *Polydore drops his Sword, and runs  
in Castilio's.*

Now my Castilio is again my friend.

What have I done? my sword is in thy  
breast.

I would have it be, thou best of men,  
iest brother, and thou truest friend.

The gods, we're taught that all your works  
re justice,

ited merciful, and friends to innocence :

why these plagues upon my head?

ame not the heav'ns ; here lies thy fate.

Cast. Not kill her? " Rack me  
" Ye pow'rs above, with all your choice  
" Horror of mind, and pains yet uninv'd  
" If I not practise cruelty upon her,  
" And wreak revenge some way yet ne've  
Mon. That task myself have finish'd,  
Before we part; I've drank a healing d.  
For all my cares, and never more shall

Pol. O she's innocent!

Cast. Tell me that story,  
And thou wilt make a wretch of me inc.  
Pol. Hadst thou, Castalio, us'd me l.  
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou le.  
Thy marriage, we had all now met in jo  
But ignorant of that,  
Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd  
Thou hadst outdone me in successful lo.  
I, in the dark, went and supply'd thy pl.  
Whilst, all the night, 'midst our triumph  
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd M.  
Embrac'd, carefs'd, and call'd me her C.

Cast. And all this is the work of my o

can ever love thee like Monimia.  
I'm dead, as presently I shall be,  
(rim tyrant grasps my heart already)  
ill of me; and if thou find ill tongues,  
with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd;  
a noble justice to the memory  
r wretch, once honour'd with thy love.  
head swims! 'tis very dark. Good night.

[Dies.]

If I survive thee—what a thought was that?  
leav'n, I go prepar'd against that curse.

HAMONT, *disarm'd and seiz'd by ACASTO  
and SERVANTS.*

Gape earth, and swallow me to quick de-  
struction,  
ive your house! if I not live  
asting plague to thee, Acasto,  
thy race. Ye've o'erpower'd me now;  
me, Heav'n!—Ah, here's a scene of death!  
I, my Monimia breathless!—Now,  
have justice, strike,

*Cha.* What?

*Cast.* First, thyself,

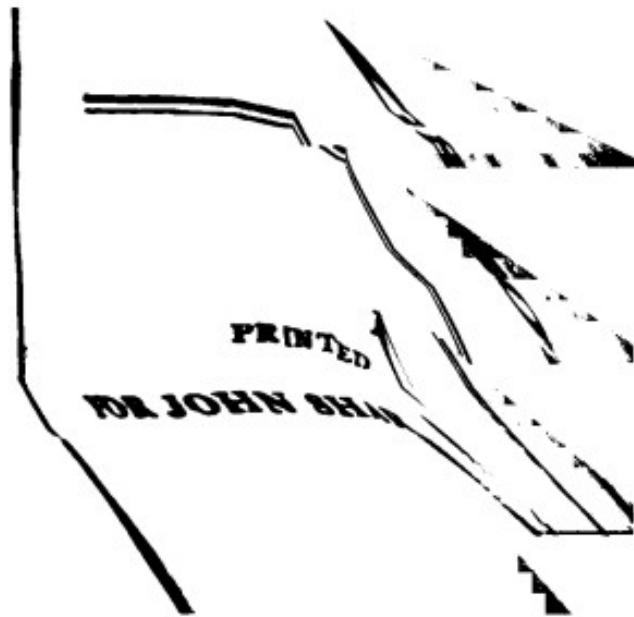
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth :  
Confusion and disorder seize the world,  
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men,  
'Twixt families engender endless feuds,  
In countries needless fears, in cities factions,  
In states rebellion, and in churches schism :  
Till all things move against the course of nature :  
Till form's dissolv'd, the chain of causes broken,  
And the original of being lost.

*Acast.* Have patience.

*Cast.* Patience ! preach it to the winds,  
The roaring seas, or raging fires ! the knaves  
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe 'em,  
Strip me of all the common needs of life,  
Scald me with ledroav, let friends forsake me.



poet may  
irly run away ?  
I'll retire ;  
icy desire ;  
ress, rich in lands,  
dian's hands :  
y worth the telling,  
a fortune-stealing.



# OGUE.

BY SERINA.

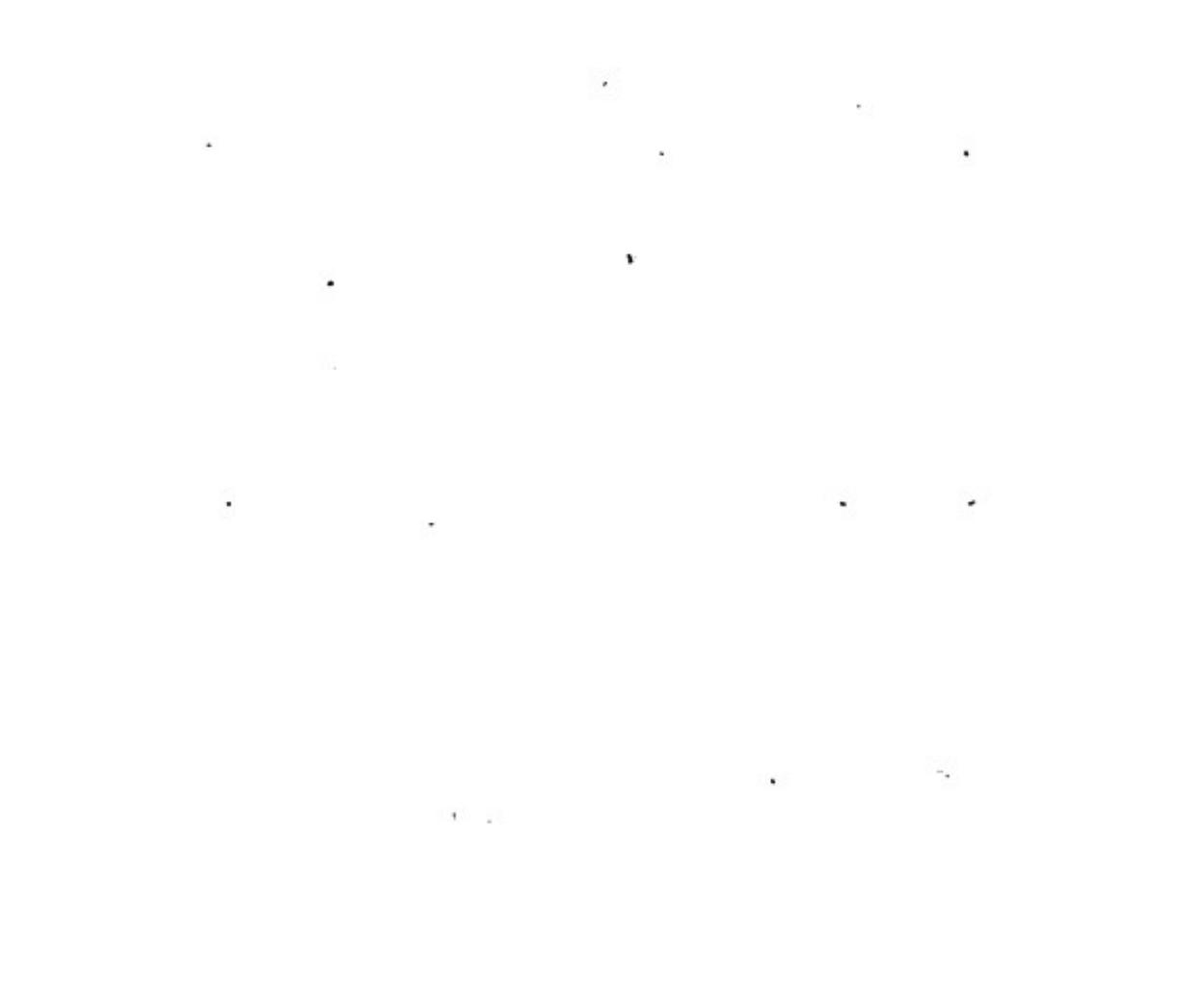
ruin'd here; and I  
die:

longst you find,  
Be kind.  
Ifely go?

No.  
Iy seek,

pollution,

G.



... nature, or through their ...  
... the following scenes do this in a  
degree, is, with the deference that be  
who would not be thought vain, submit  
candour and impartial judgment.

What I would infer is this, I think, evi-  
that tragedy is so far from losing its dignit-  
accommodated to the circumstances of ti-  
lity of mankind, that it is more truly aug-  
portion to the extent of its influence, and  
bers that are properly affected by it: as  
truly great to be the instrument of go-  
who stand in need of our assistance, th-  
small part of that number.

If princes, &c. were alone liable  
arising from vice or weakness in

A ~~play~~ far from occupying, what we require :  
Any instructive and extraordinary events  
or well-invented fables, where the person-  
ed are of the highest rank, are without  
even to the bulk of the audience. The  
trust between a Tamerlane and a Bajaze,  
its weight with an unsteady people, and  
to the fixing of them in the interest of  
the character of the former; when their  
own levity, or the arts of designing men  
rendered factions and uneasy, though the  
highest reason to be satisfied. The sent  
example of a Cato may inspire the specta-  
just sense of the value of liberty, when the  
honest patriot prefer death to an obliging  
tyrant, who would sacrifice the constit-  
country, and the liberties of mankind, to  
on or revenge. I have attempted, indeed  
the province of the graver kind of plays;  
I should be glad to see it carried on by  
hand. Plays founded on moral tales in  
may be of admirable use, by carrying con-  
the mind with such irresistible force as

..... with my remarks : only give  
ve just to observe, that he seems so firmly  
led of the power of a well-written piece to  
e the effect here ascribed to it, as to make  
venture his soul on the event, and rather  
at, than a messenger from the other world,  
it assumed, as he expresses it, his *noble Fa-*  
*borm*, and assured him, that it was his *spirit*.  
ce, says Hamlet, *grounds more relative* ;

——— the play's the thing,  
erein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

plays are the best answers to them who  
e lawfulness of the stage.

dering the novelty of this attempt, I thought  
I be expected from me to say something in  
se ; and I was unwilling to lose the opportu-  
nity of saying something of the usefulness of tragedy  
al, and what may be reasonably expected  
farther improvement of this excellent kind  
y.



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, and what may be reasonably expected  
arther improvement of this excellent kind

fortune, and understanding, as any in  
gave the greatest proof of their confid-  
capacity and probity, by choosing you S  
of their Company, at a time when they  
in the utmost confusion, and their  
the greatest danger. Neither is the  
sible of your importance. I shall not  
tempt a character so well known, nor p  
any thing to a reputation so well estat

Whatever others may think of a  
wherein there is so much said of othe  
so little of the person to whom it is  
have reason to believe that you will th  
pardon it upon that very account.

I am, Sir,  
Your most obedient, humb

GEORG

E tragic muse, sublime, delights to show  
ces distress'd, and scenes of royal woe;  
wful pomp, majestic to relate  
fall of nations, or some hero's fate;  
scepter'd chiefs may, by example, know  
strange vicissitudes of things below;  
t dangers on security attend;  
pride and cruelty in ruin end:  
ce Providence supreme, to know, and own  
anity adds glory to a throne.  
ry former age, and foreign tongue,  
native grandeur thus the goddess sung.  
our stage, indeed, with wish'd success,  
ve sometimes seen her in an humbler dress;  
t only in distress, when she complains  
onthern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains,  
brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye,  
absent pomp, with brighter gems supply.  
ve us, then, if we attempt to show,  
less strains. a tale of private woe

large  
seeman, Friends  
int.  
aoler.

Maria, Daughter to Thorowgood.  
Millwood, Mistress to Barnwell.  
Lucy, her Maid.

siers with their Attendants, and Footmen.  
...NE, London, and an adjacent Village.

med o.  
lives, is  
vengeful  
which I  
the slow  
supply  
proper  
means  
on our  
munic  
Tr  
allie

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## ACT I.

*SCENE I. A Room in Thorowgood's House.*

*Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN.*

*True.* SIR, the packet from Genoa is arrived.

[*Gives Letters.*

*Thor.* Heaven be prais'd! The storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted. The haughty and vengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow returns of wealth from his new world, supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his proposed invasion of our happy island. By these means, time is gained to make such preparation on our part, as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

*True.* He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned.

True. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young man. [True man bows respectfully.] Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your sincerity.—But to answer your question: The bank of Genoa had agreed, at an excessive interest, and on good security, to advance the King of Spain a sum of money sufficient to equip his vast armada; of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well informed, sent Walsingham, her wise and faithful secretary, to consult the merchants of this loyal city; who all agreed to direct their several agents to influence, if possible, the Genoese to break their contract with the Spanish court. 'Tis done: the state and bank of Genoa having maturely weighed, and rightly judged of their true interest, prefer-

*Mar.* Sir, I have endeavoured ~~not~~ to withdraw your known generosity by an ill-timed parting.

*Thor.* Nay, 'twas a needless caution : I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

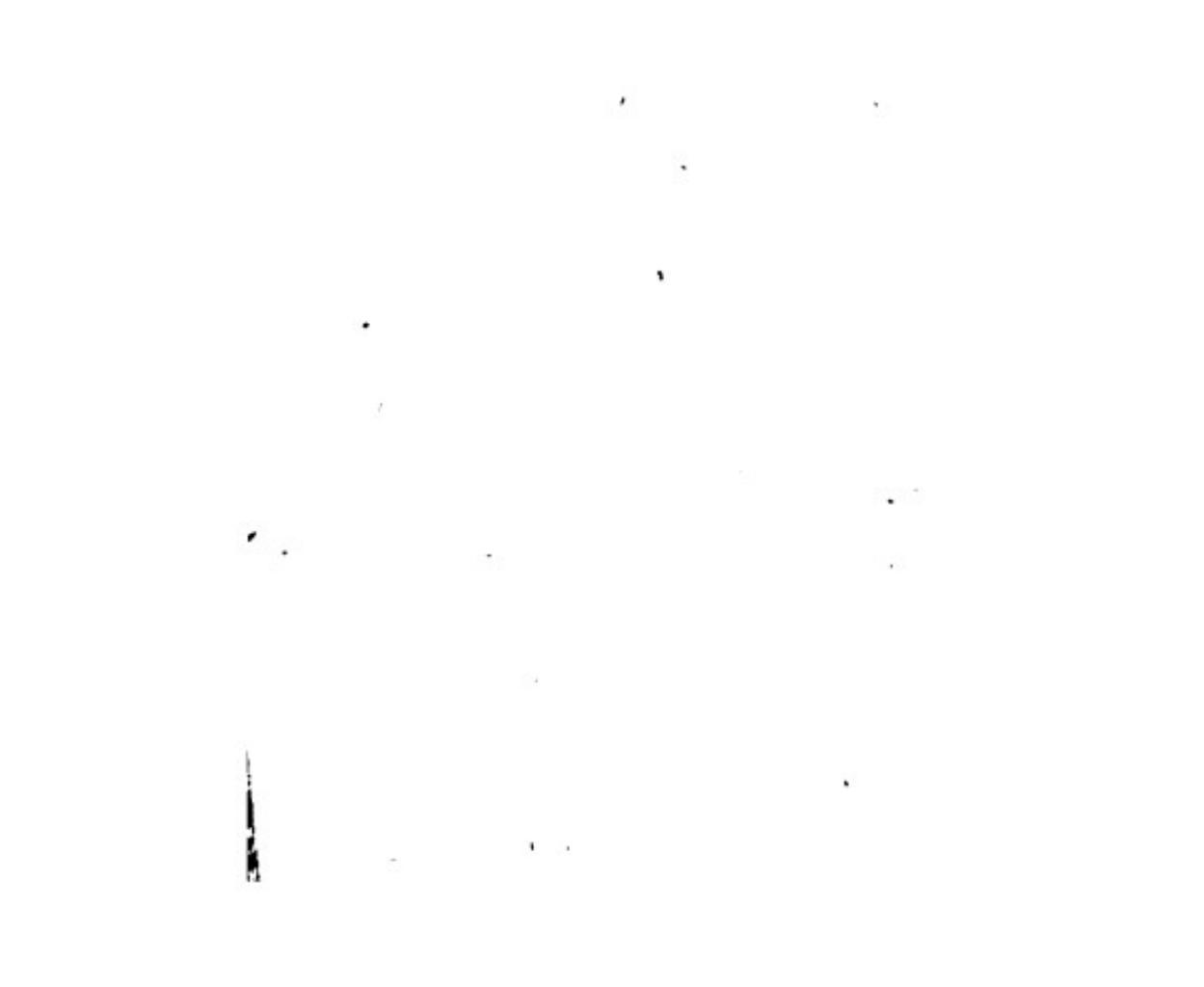
*Mar.* Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation ; I could but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

*Thor.* Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

*Mar.* Company will but increase it : I wish you would dispense with my absence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

*Thor.* You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent of their condescension, and think their labour lost.

*Mar.* He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is, that she is ~~nothing~~ The man of quality who chooses to consider you a man and merchant of your worth and



DART.

of Parliament for, and Alderman of, the  
of London, and Sub-Governor of the South  
Company.

poetry be, as Mr. Dryden has somewhere  
most excellent and most useful kind of  
the more extensively useful the moral of  
ly is, the more excellent that piece must  
ind.

shall not be thought to insinuate, that  
ch I have presumed to prefix your name,  
it depends on its fitness to answer the  
ly, the exciting of the passions, in order  
ecting such of them as are criminal,  
r nature, or through their excess. Whe-  
wing scenes do this in any tolerable  
t be thought vain.

I am far from denying, that tragic or any instructive and extraordinary events in his or well-invented fables, where the persons introduced are of the highest rank, are without their even to the bulk of the audience. The strong contrast between a Tamerlane and a Bajazet may its weight with an unsteady people, and contrast to the fixing of them in the interest of a prince the character of the former; when through own levity, or the arts of designing men, they rendered factions and uneasy, though they have highest reason to be satisfied. The sentiments example of a Cato may inspire the spectators w just sense of the value of liberty, when they see honest patriot prefer death to an obligation to a tyrant, who would sacrifice the constitution country, and the liberties of mankind, to his son or revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to the province of the graver kind of poetry should be glad to see it carried on by some hand. Plays founded on moral tales in private be of admirable use, by carrying conviction

[Barnwell salutes her, and retires in confusion.  
To see you here—Excuse the confusion—

Barn. I fear I am too bold—

Mill. Alas, sir, I may justly apprehend you think  
me so. Please, sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss  
how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am sur-  
prised at your goodness in concurring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I pro-  
mised to come.

Mill. That is the more surprising; few men are  
such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All who are honest are.

Mill. To one another; but we simple women are  
seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a  
place in their remembrance.

[Laying her Hand on his, as by accident.

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't per-  
ceive she has laid her hand on mine. Hear me  
How she trembles!—What can this mean? [Aside

Mill. The interest I have in all that relate  
to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter)  
excites my curiosity; and were I sure you  
pardou my presumption, I should desire to  
know your real sentiments on a ~~very~~ particular sub-

*Barn.* If you mean the love of women, thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me; you mean the general love we owe to think no one has more of it in his temple than myself. I don't know that person in the world whose happiness I don't wish, and would never sacrifice it if were it in my power. In an especial manner do I love my uncle, and my master; but above all, my friend.

*Mill.* You have a friend, then, whom you value highly?

*Barn.* As he does me, sincerely.

*Mill.* He is, no doubt, often bless'd with the society and conversation of a friend?

*Barn.* We live in one house, and both are worthy merchant.

*Mill.* Happy, happy youth! Whoe'er envies thee, "and so must all, who see thy beauty." What have I lost, by being born a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy as he who now enjoys it is:

—Oh!

*Barn.* I never observed woman before, who was not beautiful of her sex.

I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her then? Oh, never, never! Madam, dry up your tears: you shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you would have me.

*Lucy.* So: she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself.

*Mill.* Now you are kind, indeed: but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

*Lucy.* Serve him still! Ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn. \Aside.

### Enter BLUNT.

*Blunt.* Madam, supper's on the table.

*Mill.* Come, sir, you'll excuse all defects thoughts were too much employed on my observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Mi*

*Lucy.* I suppose not, but she may  
him in love with her, if she can.

*Blunt.* What will she get by that  
under age, and can't be supposed to have  
any.

*Lucy.* But his master has, and that  
thing, as she'll manage it.

*Blunt.* I don't like this fooling with  
young fellow : while she's endeavouring  
him, she may be caught herself.

*Lucy.* Nay, were she like me, that would  
ly be the consequence ; for, I confess, the  
thing in youth and innocence that move  
ily.

*Blunt.* Yes ; so does the smoothness  
ness of a partridge move a mighty hawk  
to be the destruction of it.

*Lucy.* Why, birds are their prey, an  
ours ; though, as you observed, we are  
caught ourselves. But that, I dare say, is  
the case of our masters.

*Blunt.* I wish it may prove so ; for you  
all depend upon her. Should she trifl

we are both so, and yet the fault is in our-  
- snow is,

To ease our present anguish by plunging  
it is to buy a moment's pleasure with an

should have thought the joys of love as  
they are great: if ours prove otherwise,  
constancy must make them so.

The law of Heaven will not be reversed,  
requires us to govern our passions.

give us sense of beauty and desires, and  
is to taste and be happy, is a cruelty to

live we passions only to torment us?

hear you talk, though in the cause of  
be upon your beauty, press your hand,

our snow-white bosom heave and fall,"

wishes; my pulse beats high, "my

are in a hurry," and I am on the rack

e.—Yet for a moment's guilty plea-

lose my innocence, my peace of mind,

solid happiness?

was all!

I did not—

*Barn.* How strange are all things  
Like some thief who treads forbidden ;  
fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter  
ment of this well-known house. To gu  
if that were too little, already have I ac  
of trust——A thief!——Can I know  
wretched thing, and look my honest fri  
jured master in the face ? Though hypoc  
while conceal my guilt, at length it wil  
and public shame and ruin must ens  
mean time, what must be my life ? Eve  
language foreign to my heart; hourly to  
number of my crimes, in order to c  
Sure such was the condition of the gra  
when first he lost his purity. Like m  
late, he wandered ; and while yet in h  
all his future hell about him.

*Enter TRUEMAN.*

*True.* Barnwell, Oh, how I rejoice  
safe ! So will our master and his gentle  
who, during your absence, often inquire

~~—~~ they look indeed, and swoln w~~—~~  
now they overflow. Rightly did my sy-  
ing heart forebode last night, when thou w~~—~~  
, something fatal to our peace.

b. Your friendship engages you too far. M-  
es, whate'er they are, are mine alone: yo  
o interest in them, nor ought your concern for  
re you a moment's pain.

c. You speak as if you knew of friendsh-  
g but the name. Before I saw your grief, I

" Since we parted last I have slept no more  
you, but pensive in my chamber sat alone,  
spent the tedious night in wishes for your  
y and return :" e'en now, though ignorant of  
se, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

d. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and  
gements cease, as circumstances and occa-  
y ; and since you once may hate me, per-  
ight be better for us both that now you  
lefs.

ure I but dream ! Without a cause  
use me thus ? Ungenerous —

being observed ; should the cause be  
would exceed all bounds.

*True.* So well I know thy honest heart  
not harbour there.

*Barn.* Oh, torture insupportable !

*True.* Then why am I excluded  
thought I would conceal from you ?

*Barn.* If still you urge me on this ;  
I'll never enter more beneath this roof  
your face again.

*True.* 'Tis strange—but I have done  
you hate me not.

*Barn.* Hate you ! I am not that mortal.

*True.* Shall our friendship still continue?

*Barn.* It's a blessing I never was ungrateful,  
now must stand on terms ; and but upon your word  
can confirm it.

*True.* What are they ?

*Barn.* Never hereafter, though you should  
at my conduct, desire to know more till  
nothing to reveal.

*True.* 'Tis hard ; but upon any condition

~~Heaven~~ will now witness his worst of snares.  
What can I do?

Please give me a little time to reflect on what  
is, and follow you. [Exit Truesman.] I might  
trusted Truesman, and engaged him to apply  
y uncle to repair the wrong I have done my  
r; but what of Millwood? "Must I expose her  
: Ungenerous and base! Then Heaven requires  
ot. But Heaven requires that I forsake her.  
at? never to see her more? Does Heaven re-  
e that? I hope I may see her, and Heaven  
be offended. Presumptuous hope! Dearly al-  
ly have I proved my frailty. Should I once  
e tempt Heaven, I may be left to fall, never  
ne again. Yet," shall I leave her, for ever  
her, and not let her know the cause? She who  
ne with such a boundless passion! Can cruelty  
y? I judge of what she then must feel, by  
now endure. The love of life, and fear of  
opposed by inclination strong as death or  
like wind and tide in raging conflict meet,  
ither can prevail, keep me in doubt.

(To determine)

cern shews you're convinced, and  
How painful is the sense of guilt to  
mind? Some youthful folly, which it  
not to inquire into. " When we con-  
" condition of humanity, it may raise  
" our wonder, that youth should go  
" reason, weak at the best, opposed  
" scarce formed, and wholly unassis-  
" ence, faintly contends, or willingly  
" slave of sense. The state of youth  
" deplored, and the more so, beca-  
" not; being then to danger most  
" they are least prepared for their de

*Barn.* It will be known, and yet  
pardon and abhor me.

*Thor.* I never will. Yet be upon  
this gay thoughtless season of your li-  
" sense of pleasure's quick, and pas-  
" voluptuous appetites, raging and  
" the strongest curb ; take heed of a  
vice becomes habitual, the very pow-

*arn.* Methinks I dread to see 'em.—Now  
y thing alarms me.—Guilt, what a coward  
thou made me !

**SCENE II.** *Another Room in Therowgood's  
House.*

*Enter MILLWOOD, LUCY, and a FOOTMAN.*

*MILL.* Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.  
*LUCY.* 'Tis very well.—I thank you.

[*Exit Foot.*

*Enter BARNWELL.*

*BARN.* Confusion ! Millwood !

*LUCY.* That angry look tells me that here I am an  
unwelcome guest; I feared as much; the unhappy  
every where.

*BARN.* Will nothing but my utter ruin content

*LUCY.* Unkind and cruel! Lost myself, your happiness  
now my only care.

*BARN.* How did you gain admission?

*LUCY.* Saving—

man one thought he had.

*Barn.* Before you came, I had determined to see you more.

*Mill.* Confusion!

*Lucy.* Ay, we are all out! this is a time expected, that I shall make nothing of n must e'en play the scene betwixt them

*Mill.* 'Twas some relief to think, that you would love me still; but to find, 'tune had been indulgent, that you "and inconstant," you had resolved to —— This, as I never could expect, I have to bear.

*Barn.* I am sorry to hear you blame solution that so well becomes us both.

*Mill.* I have reason for what I do, none.

*Barn.* Can we want a reason for I have so many to wish we never had m

*Mill.* Look on me, Barnwell. Am I old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment again; am I not she whom you

I can think at all.  
Now they jump an embrace at parting too  
favour—though it would be the last. [He  
ck.] A look shall then suffice—Farewell  
r. [Exit *Millwood* and *Lucy*.  
If to resolve to suffer be to conquer,—I  
quer'd——Painful victory!

Re-enter **MILLWOOD** and **LUCY**.

One thing I had forgot;—I never must  
my own house again. This I thought  
let you know, lest your mind should  
nd you should seek in vain to find me  
give me this secend intrusion; I only  
give you this caution, and that, perhaps,  
es.

hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must  
for it.

friend, your arm. [To *Lucy*.] Now, I  
ever. [Going.

thing more—Sure there's no danger  
ng where you go? if you think

*Barn.* — have said too much.  
*Mill.* How, how am I the cause  
ing?

*Mill.* To know it will but increase  
*Barn.* My troubles can't be gre-  
are.

*Lucy.* Well, well, sir, if she won'  
will.

*Barn.* I am bound to you beyond,  
*Mill.* Remember, sir, that I desir-  
hear it.

*Barn.* Begin, and ease my racking e-  
*Lucy.* Why, you must know, my lady  
only child, and her parents dying w-  
young, left her and her fortune (no in  
one, I assure you,) to the care of a gen-  
has a good estate of his own.

*Mill.* Ay, ay, the barbarous man is ri-  
but what are riches when compar'd to I  
*Lucy.* For a while he perform'd the  
faithful guardian, settled her in a house  
servants.—But you have seen in what I  
liv'd, so I need say no more.

*Mill.* —

~~more or less~~, (you have no hope of making  
matters that way,) but vows her ruin, unless  
I'll allow him the same favour that he supposes  
I granted you.

*Barn.* Must she be ruin'd, or find her refuge in  
other's arms?

*Mill.* He gave me but an hour to resolve in; that's  
spily spent with you—And now I go—

*Barn.* To be expos'd to all the rigours of the va-  
rious seasons; the summer's parching heat, and  
winter's cold; unhoused, to wander, friendless,  
ough the unkospitable world, in misery and  
want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued  
by malice and revenge. Woldst thou endure all  
this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to pre-  
vent it?

*Lucy.* 'Tis really a pity there can be no way  
out.

*Barn.* Oh, where are all my resolutions now?  
Like early vapours, or the morning dew, chas'd by  
the sun's warm beams, they're vanish'd and lost,  
as though they had never been.'

*Lucy.* Now I advis'd her, sir, to comply with the

boast your reason all-sufficient, suppose  
in my condition, and determine for me  
'tis right to let her suffer for my faults,  
small addition to my guilt, prevent the i  
what is past.

*Lucy.* These young sinners think even  
the ways of wickedness so strange!—I  
tell him, that this is nothing but what's  
mon; for one vice as naturally begets a  
father a son. But he'll find out that his  
lives long enough.

*Barn.* Here, take this, and with it go  
deliverance; return to your house, and live  
and safety.

*Mill.* So, I may hope to see you there?

*Barn.* Answer me not, but fly, lest, in  
of my remorse, I take again what is mine  
give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

*Mill.* Say but you'll come.

*Barn.* You are my fate, my Heaven; I  
only leave me now, dispose of me here  
please. [Exit *Millwood* a. s.]

What have I done? Were my resolutio-

will be well worth your pains to study it  
"science, to see how it is founded in reason  
"the nature of things; how it promotes human  
"as it has open'd, and yet keeps up an interc.  
"between nations, far remote from one another  
situation, customs, and religion; promoting  
industry, peace, and plenty; by mutual benefit  
diffusing mutual love from pole to pole.

"True. Something of this I have consider'd,  
"hope, by your assistance, to extend my thoughts  
"much farther. I have observ'd those countries  
"where trade is promoted and encouraged, do  
make discoveries to destroy, but to improve man  
kind by love and friendship; to tame the fiercest  
and polish the most savage; to teach them the  
advantage of honest traffic, by taking from them  
with their own consent, their useless superfluities,  
and giving them, in return, what, from their ignoran  
"ce in manual arts, their situation, or some  
other accident, they stand in need of.

"Thor. 'Tis justly observ'd: the populous east,  
luxuriant, abounds with glittering gems, bright  
pearls, aromatic spices, and health-giving  
drugs: the late-found

and hasten him. I hope we have not seen with  
any neglect.

*Thor.* I'm now going to the Exchange; let  
know at my return I expect to find him ready.

[Exit]

*Enter MARIA with a Book. Sits and reads*

*Mar.* How forcible is truth! The weakest in  
inspir'd with love of that, fixed and collected in  
self, with indifference beholds the united force  
earth and hell opposing. Such souls are raised  
above the sense of pain, or so supported that  
regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases  
Heaven; small are his sufferings, great is  
reward. Not so the wretch who combats love  
duty; whose mind, weakened and dissolved by  
soft passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his  
desires—What is an hour, a day, a year of  
to a whole life of tortures such as these?

*Enter TRUEMAN.*

*True.* Oh, Barnwell! Oh, my friend! how  
thou fallen!

in bats love will  
dissolved by the  
opposes his own  
a year of pain,  
these?

riend! how art  
n? Speak, sir,  
I've news to tell  
us father, you

a Letter.  
will surprise  
the more  
on of my  
it of the  
this, th

well!

Mar. Trueman, do you think a son  
his, so sensible of shame, can e'er  
slave to vice?

True. Never, never. So well I  
sure this act of his, so contrary to me,  
have been caused by some unavoidable.

Mar. Is there no means yet to prevent?

True. Oh, that there were! but if  
their reputation lost, a merchant ne-  
he, I fear, though I should find  
brought to look his injured master

Mar. I fear as much, and therefore  
have my father know it.

True. That's impossible.

Mar. What's the sum?

True. 'Tis considerable; I've  
shew it, with the letter, to  
return.

Mar. If I should supply the  
dispose of that and the account  
unhappy mismanagement from

he be found?

*True.* Trust to my diligence f  
mean time, I'll conceal his abse  
ther, or find such excuses for it, ti  
shall never be suspected.

*Mar.* In attempting to save 1  
whom we hope may yet return to v  
and you, the only witnesses of this  
whether I do any thing misbecon  
character.

*True.* Earth must approve the d  
I doubt not, will reward it.

*Mar.* If Heaven succeeds it, I an  
A virgin's fame is sullied by sus  
breath : and therefore, as this mi  
from my father and the world, for  
for mine, let it be so to him.

*SCENE II. A Room in Millw*

*Enter LUCY and BLU*

*Lucy.* Well, what do you think  
conduct - - - - -

the dimness, nothing. Were the w--  
or a smile. But those golden  
ruined, and Millwood's hopes  
here, are at an end.  
more than we all expected.

led by his master to make up his  
forced to quit his house and ser-  
ies to Millwood for relief and en-

not heard of this before : how did

would expect. She wondered what  
astonished at his impudence, and  
modesty peculiar to herself, swore so  
e never saw him before, that she put  
tenant.

's much indeed ! But how did Barn-

rieved ; and at length, enraged at this  
payment, was preparing to be gone ;  
owards the door, shewed a sum of mo-  
had brought from his master's, the  
from thence.

Blunt. I am ——— Lucy. You will be more so, ——— tempt the life of his nearest relation, and nefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have oft him speak of as a gentleman of a large & fair character, in the country where he liv of the last dear purchase of his ruin ; but rice, insatiate as the grave, demanded t sacrifice. Barnwell's near relation, " : peeted virtue, must give too easy me " this good man's treasure;" whose I seal the dreadful secret, and prevent th her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could pers do an act like that? He is by nature b ful, compassionate, and generous ; " an love, and her artful persuasions, I " him to practise what he most abhor " can witness for him, with what relu " still complied : so many tears he & " offence, as might, if possible, san

my youthful innocence, and stained my then un-spotted soul, but love? What caused me to rob my worthy, gentle master, but cursed love? What makes me now a fugitive from his service, loathed by myself, and scorned by all the world, but love? What fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture never felt on this side death before? Why love, love, love! And why, above all, do I resolve (for, tearing his hair, he cried, I do resolve) to kill my uncle?"

*Blunt.* Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

*Lucy.* Yes—with joy, that she had gained her point. She gave him no time to cool, but urged him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone. If he performs it, and escapes, there's more money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

*Blunt.* 'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster.

*Lucy.* If we don't use our endeavours to prevent the murder, we are as bad as she.

*Blunt.* I am afraid it is too late.

*Lucy.* Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length with her already. I did not think her or myself

*Blunt.* With all my heart. He who  
murder intended to be committed, I  
discover it, in the eye of the law and  
murderer.

*Lucy.* Let us lose no time; I'll acqu  
the particulars as we go.

*SCENE III. A Walk at some Dis  
Country Seat.*

*Enter BARNWELL.*

*Barn.* A dismal gloom obscures the  
Either the sun has slipped behind a cl  
neys down the west of heaven with no  
mon speed, to avoid the sight of what I  
to act. Since I set forth on this acct  
where'er I tread, methinks, the solid ea  
beneath my feet. *Murder my Uncle*  
" der limpid stream, whose hoary fall  
" natural cascade, as I passed by, in do  
" seemed to murmur—Murder! The  
" air, and water seem'd concern'd. B

*SCENE IV. A close Walk in a Wood.*

*Enter UNCLE.*

Unc. If I were superstitious, I should fear some  
thing lurking unseen, or death were nigh. A heavy  
fancholy clouds my spirits. My imagination is  
with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and is  
changed by death; when the pale lengthened  
sage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the in-  
soul at once with grief and horror, pity and  
sion.—I will indulge the thought. The wise  
prepares himself for death, by making it famili-  
his mind. When strong reflections hold the m-  
near, and the living in the dead behold their  
*self, how does each inordinate passion and*  
*cease, or sicken at the view! The mind*  
*moves; the blood, curdling and chilled*  
*slowly through the veins: fixed, still, and*  
*lets we stand, so like the solemn obje-*  
*tions, we are almost at present wh-*

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I

[During this Speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the Pistol, and draws it back again.

*Barn.* Oh ! 'tis impossible.

### *Throwing down the Pistol.*

[Uncle starts, and attempts to draw his sword.

*Unc.* A man so near me! armed and masked—

**Barn.** Nay then, there's no retreat.

[Plucks a Poniard from his Bosom, and stabs him.

*Unc.* Oh! I am slain. All gracious Heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant; bless, with the choicest blessings, my dearest nephew; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[Barnwell throws off his Mask, runs to him, and, kneeling by him, raises and chases him.

**Barn.** Expiring saint! Oh, murdered, martyred uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your murderer.—Oh, do not look so

" The rich man thus, in torment and despair  
" Preferr'd his vain, his charitable pray'r.  
" The fool, his own soul lost, would fain be a  
" For others' good, but Heav'n his suit denies  
" By laws and means well-known we stand or.  
" And one eternal rule remains for all."

Oh, may it ever stand alone accurst,  
The lust of murders, as it is the worst.

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## ACT IV.

*SCENE I. A Room in Thorewgood's H*

*Enter MARIA, meeting TRUEMAN*

" Maria. How falsely do they judge, w/  
" or applaud, as we are afflicted or rewa  
" I know I am unhappy; yet cannot ch  
" with any crime, more than the com

" evils, much worse than penal, or ~~sin~~  
" in virtue. Or may not the ~~leis~~ ~~sin~~  
" tain be made the means of greater good?  
" Might all the joyful days and sleepless  
" I have passed, but purchase peace for

" Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief,  
" Small were the loss, and infinite the gain.  
" Though to the grave in secret love I gave,  
" So life and fame, and happiness we

What news of Barnwell?

True. None; I have sought him with diligence, but all in vain.

Mar. Does my father yet suspect the absence?

True. All appeared so just and fair as not possible he ever should. But his secret no longer he concealed. Your father though he seems to hearken to the frie I would make for Barnwell, yet I am sure he regards them only as such, without suffi-

pe or my occurring ill:—not intrinsically  
es hourly, and gives me painful apprehen-  
her loss—Oh, Trueman, this person in-  
ne that your friend, at the instigation of an  
s woman, is gone to rob and murder his ve-  
uncle.

. Oh, execrable deed! I am blasted with the  
of the thought.

. This delay may ruin all.

. What to do or think, I knew not. That he  
ronged me, I know is false; the rest may be  
there's all my hope.

. Trust not to that; rather suppose all true,  
a moment's time. Even now the horrid  
ay be doing—dreadful imagination!—or it  
done, and we be vainly debating on the  
to prevent what is already past.

. This earnestness convinces me, that he  
more than he has yet discovered. What, ho!  
t there! who waits?

*Enter a SERVANT.*

the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and  
to set out with speed; an affair of life and  
demands his diligence. [Exit Servant.] For

*Enter MILLWOOD.*

*Mill.* I wish I knew the event of his d  
attempt without success would ruin h  
what have I to apprehend from that?  
much. The mischief being only in  
friends, through pity of his youth, turn a  
on me. I should have thought of that b  
pose the deed done ; then, and then on  
secure.—Or what if he returns without  
it at all !—

*Enter BARNWELL bloody*

But he is here, and I have done him  
bloody hands shew he has done the de  
he wants the prudence to conceal it.

*Barn.* Where shall I hide me ? Whi  
ly, to avoid the swift unerring hand of

*Mill.* Dismiss your fears : though th  
pursued you to the door, yet being e  
you are as safe as innocence. I have  
art so cunningly contrived, that the g  
of jealousy and revenge may search  
and the entrance to the safe retreat.

ough you had a thousand years of life to  
to have given them all to have lengthened  
hour! But being dead, I fled the sight of  
my hands had done; nor could I, to have  
the empire of the world, have violated, by  
is sacred corpse.

Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to  
your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first,  
ar prerogative, after which there's no injury,  
ar to take what he no longer wanted, and  
o me your penury and guilt. Do you think  
ard my reputation, nay, my life, to entertain

e. Oh, Millwood!—this from thee?—But  
done. If you hate me, if you wish me dead,  
e you happy; for, oh, 'tis sure my grief will  
end me.

. In his madness he will discover all, and in-  
ne in his ruin. We are on a precipice from  
there's no retreat for both—Then to pre-  
myself—[Pause.]—There is no other way.  
is dreadful, but reflection comes too late  
danger's pressing, and there's no room for  
—It must be done. [Aside. Rings a Bell,

I call you. I will  
lands of justice, in-  
d soul, tis worse ten thousand -  
with torture. Call it what you will; I am willing to live,  
ive secure, which nothing but your death can  
ant.

If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets  
author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must  
secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal  
ungeoon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an  
gnominious death, justly to fall unpitied and ab-  
horred: "After death to be suspended and ab-  
"heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, between  
"ing and horror of a gaping crowd!" This I could  
bear, nay, wish not to avoid, had it but come from  
any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, OFFICER, and ATTENDANTS.

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer!  
Here, sir, take this youth into your custody. I  
use him of murder, and will appear to make go-  
ose her. [They seize him  
whom, of what, or how shall I c  
ause her. The hand of Heav  
ment of lust and parv  
me off, still  
thers. T

L. Would I had been so too ! Lacy will soon  
; and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil !

Insolent!—This to me ?

M. The worst that we know of the devil is,  
the first seduces to sin, and then betrays to pa-  
tent.

[Exit.]

L. They disapprove of my conduct then, " and  
mean to take this opportunity to set up for them-  
selves." — My ruin is resolved.— I see my dan-  
r, but scorn both it and them. I was not born to  
I by such weak instruments.

[Going.]

### *Enter THOROWGOOD.*

*Thor.* Where is the scandal of her own sex, and  
use of ours ?

*Mill.* What means this insolence ? Whom do you  
think ?

*Thor.* Millwood.

*Mill.* Well, you have found her then. I am Mill-  
wood.

*Thor.* Then you are the most impious wretch  
it e'er the sun beheld.

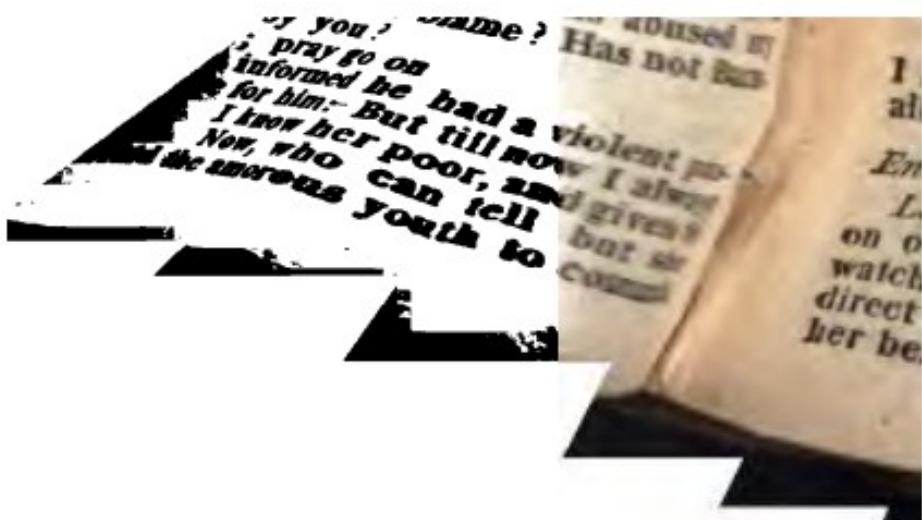
*Mill.* From your appearance I should have ex-  
pected wisdom and moderation but your manners

Mill. Ha! cused me first. Unless and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am Thor. Had I known your cruel design had been prevented. To see you punished, as the law directs, is all that now remains. "Poor satis- "faction!" for he, innocent as he is, compared "our frame, and graciously distinguishes between "frailty and presumption, will distinguish who know "though man cannot, who sees not a differ- "only judges by the outward action." the heart,

Mill. I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our wants. I was surprised at such ill treatment and therefore too hastily returned your appeal and ask your pardon. I now perceive you have far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a correspondence with your servant, and some other accessory to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause, the s- of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of a endures, and must endure, till a violent a- shall put a dreadful period to h-

But who's s-  
on



True. — deceitful, cruel, ~~downy~~, villain,  
Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain,  
not call me that.

True. To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex  
thou devil!

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of the  
cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each pa-  
ticular man may see his own likeness, and that of  
mankind.

Thor. Think not, by aggravating the faults  
others, to extenuate thy own, of which the abas-  
such uncommon perfections of mind and body  
not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your  
barous sex, who robbed me of 'em ere I knew  
worth; then left me, too late, to count their  
by their loss. Another and another spoiler  
and all my gain was poverty and reproach  
soul disdain'd, and yet disdains, dependan-  
contempt. Riches, no matter by what me-  
tained, I saw secured the worst of men fro-  
m summoned all my arts. You call 'em  
were such as my conversat-  
withal.

of both.

" *Mill.* I know you, and I hate you all ; I expect no mercy, and I ask for none ; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you do every day. " All actions seem alike natural and indifferent to " man and beast, who devour, or are devoured, as " they meet with others weaker or stronger than " themselves

" *Thor.* What pity it is a mind so comprehensive, " daring, and inquisitive, should be a stranger to " religion's sweet and powerful charms !

" *Mill.* I am not fool enough to be an atheist, " though I have known enough of men's hypocrisy " to make a thousand simple women so. Whatever " religion is in itself, as practis'd by mankind, it " has caused the evils you say it was designed to " cure. War, plague, and famine have not destroyed " so many of the human race, as this pretended " piety has done ; and with such barbarous cruelty, " as if the only way to honour Heaven were to turn " the present world into hell.

" *Thor.* Truth is truth, though from an enemy, " and spoken in malice. You bloody, blind, and " superstitious bigots, how will you answer this ?

With "A thousand way's  
Yet blame in us those arise,  
Oh, may from hence each violatea  
By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man be  
When robb'd of innocence, and a virgin fair  
From your destruction raise a nobler race  
To avenge their sex's wrongs devote their  
And future Millwoods prove to plague" [1]

---

---

## ACT V.

"SCENE I. A Room in a 1  
Enter THOROWGOOD, BLUNT,  
" Thor. I have recommended to B  
" rend divine, whose judgment and  
" well acquainted with. Nor has  
" selected; but she, unhappy wo  
" his assistance. <sup>arity to 1</sup>

~~100~~

2 LUCY.

Well a per-  
grity I am  
Wood he  
still ob-

dicted wh-  
e, sir. if

Save him  
Art in his  
would be  
relieving

Barnwell  
d. drew  
be tax  
with  
fear  
t. s.

" *Thor.* Happy for you it ended wh  
" What you have done against Millwoo  
" proceeded from a just abhorrence of h  
" free from interest, malice, or reven  
" selytes to virtue should be encourage  
" your proposed reformation, and know  
" after for your friend.

" *Lucy.* This is a blessing as unhoped  
" merited. But Heaven, that snatched us  
" pending ruin, sure intends you as its i  
" to secure us from apostacy.

" *Thor.* With gratitude to impute your d  
" to Heaven is just. Many less virtuous  
" than Barnwell was, have never fallen in  
" ner he has done. May not such owe t  
" rather to Providence than to themse  
" pity and compassion let us judge  
" were his faults, but strong was th  
" Let his ruin teach us diffidence, b  
" circumspection : for if we who wor  
" had like him been tried, like b  
" had fallen."

reflections, penitence, and tears.

*Barn.* My hononred, injured mas  
ness has covered me a thousand tin  
forgive this last unwilling disres;  
saw you not.

*Thor.* 'Tis well; I hope you are i  
in viewing of yourself; " your jour  
" time for preparation almost spen  
verend divine to teach 'you to i  
should be glad to hear of his succe

*Barn.* The word of truth, which  
ed for my constant companion in th  
ment, has at length removed the do  
under. From thence I've learned ti  
of heavenly mercy; that my offend  
are not unpardonable; and that 't  
rest only, but my duty, to believe a  
my hope. So shall Heaven receiv  
future penitents the profit of my ex

*Thor.* Proceed.

*Barn.* 'Tis wonderful that wor  
despair, speak peace and pardon i  
conscience; but truth and mercy fi

all to rejoice  
the glory, at  
ample.

I should chas-  
e a murderer  
in every sa-  
y divine. But  
mind I have  
I feel my sin  
Joy and go  
the horror and

of true repen-  
tance to ever-  
to see a soul  
for this life  
meditation  
the delight  
thers my  
ic soul

ever. I will now anticipate his own  
he'll see the sad effect of this contag-  
torrent of domestic misery bears  
me. I must retire to indulge a weakness  
possible to overcome. [Aside.] Mu-  
much lamented youth!—Farewell.—H  
ea thee.—Eternally farewell.

*Barn.* The best of masters and  
well. While I live let me not want y

*Thor.* Thou shalt not. Thy peace  
with Heaven, death is already vanquished  
little longer the pains that attend  
life, and cease from pain for ever.

[Exit]

*Barn.* Perhaps I shall. I find a  
that bears my soul above the fears  
spite of conscious shame and guilt,  
of pleasure more than mortal.

*Enter TRUEMAN and KEEPER.*  
*Sir,* there's the prisoner

K

*True.* What have I suffered since  
last! What pain has absence given me  
see thee thus!—

*Barn.* I know it is dreadful! I fee  
of thy generous soul—But I was born  
who love me!

*True.* I came not to reproach you  
bring you comfort; but I'm deceiv  
none to give. I came to share thy so  
not bear my own.

*Barn.* My sense of guilt indeed you  
'tis what the good and innocent, like  
conceive: but other griefs at present  
but what I feel for you. In your sor  
love me still; but yet, methinks, 'tis  
I consider what I am.

*True.* No more of that; I can rem  
but thy virtues, thy honest, tender  
former happy state, and present mis  
you trusted me when first the fair se  
you, all might have been prevented.

*Barn.* Alas, thou knowest not whi  
Branch of friendship was

like you, can't  
resent I have no  
I sorrow I read &  
it's strange, we

Member note.  
Friendship, a  
very. Oh it  
your tempt



sorrow and o  
sorrow can't  
" too is the  
" spoke peac  
" confirm it  
overflows in  
True. I d  
thou made u  
of pleasure a

Keep. Sir.  
True. I c  
Barn. Mu  
have parted  
True. Oh  
behind. Aq  
woes.  
Barn. Te  
all I had to  
me to do on  
True. I d  
Maria—  
Barn. Ou  
ter?—

[Exit Trueman.]

i. Vain, busy thoughts, be still! What avails  
ink on what I might have been! I now am—  
at I've made myself.

*Enter TRUEMAN and MARIA.*

. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal  
This is the seat of misery and guilt. Here  
justice reserves her public victims. This is  
sentence to a shameful death.

To this sad place then no untroubled guest.

united.  
highest  
had be-  
yond  
condem-  
" M  
" van-  
" ly sa-  
" fate  
" why  
" stat-

had been presumption in me never to be  
pardoned, think how much beneath you  
descend to regard me now!

"*Mar.* Let her blush, who proffering  
"vades the freedom of your sex's choice,  
"ly suea in hopes of a return. Your  
"fate hath rendered hope impossible as  
"why should I fear to avew a passion so  
"disinterested?

"*True.* If any should take occasion to  
"wood's crimes to libel the best and fairest  
"of the creation, here let them see their error.  
"most distant hopes of such a tender maid,  
"so bright a maid, might add to the world's  
"the most happy, and make the greatest  
"yet here 'tis lavished in vain. The  
"rich present the generous donor,  
"on whom it is bestowed receives no  
"Barre. So the aromatic spice

— A mind with piety and  
nile on death :—But pub-  
g shame, shame the death  
nd times, and yet survive  
r dying infamy—is this to  
who live in him, and must  
ted life feel all these woes  
re this?

Impaired her spirits, she  
of death.”

Heaven, and restore her  
he added to my crimes.

Or remorse  
And to me  
To each of  
Would go  
Never to  
Then snatched  
since you no

“ SCENE I  
“ Gallows  
“ Stage.

"count my crimes for years, and I  
lived whole ages." Thus justice, in compas-  
mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one  
ample to secure thousands from future ruin.  
e and mercy are in Heaven the same: its  
it severity is mercy to the whole; thereby  
re man's folly and presumption, which else  
render even infinite mercy vain and inef-  
l."

*youth, like you, in future times  
bourn my fate, though he abhors my crimes;  
ever maid, like you, my tale shall hear,  
my sorrows give a pitying tear;  
such melting eye and throbbing heart,  
gracious Heaven this benefit impart,  
I knew my guilt, nor feel my pain,  
ust you own, you ought not to complain,* }  
*u nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.* }

[Exeunt Barnwell and Officers.

'E III. The Place of Execution. The  
ows and Ladder at the further End of the

“ That short, but dark and troublous space,  
“ is all the space between us and the grave,  
“ woes eternal.

“ *Mill.* Is this the end of all my flattering lies?  
“ Were youth and beauty given me for a curse,  
“ wisdom only to ensure my ruin? They were  
“ were. Heaven, thou hast done thy worst.  
“ thou hast in store some untried plague, some  
“ that's worse than shame, despair, and death,  
“ tied death, confirmed despair, and soul-confounding shame; something that men and angels  
“ describe, and only fiends, who bear it, can  
“ receive; now, pour it now on this devoted  
“ that I may feel the worst thou canst inflict,  
“ bid defiance to thy utmost power.

“ *Barn.* Yet ere we pass the dreadful threshold,  
“ death, yet ere you're plunged in everlasting gloom,  
“ oh, bend your stubborn knees, and hardy hearts,  
“ humbly to deprecate the wrath divine;  
“ knows, but Heaven, in your dying moments,  
“ bestow that grace and mercy which you

"renession. Oh, what created being shall  
dare to circumscribe mercy that knows no  
bounds!

" *Mill.* This yields no hope. Though pity may  
be boundless, yet 'tis free. I was doomed before  
the world began to endless pains, and thou to  
joys eternal.

" *Barn.* Oh, gracious Heaven! extend thy pity to  
her; let thy rich mercy flow in plenteous streams  
to chase her fears, and heal her wounded soul.

" *Mill.* It will not be: your prayers are lost in  
air, or else returned perhaps with double blessings  
to your bosom: they help not me.

" *Barn.* Yet hear me, Millwood.

" *Mill.* Away, I will not hear thee: I tell thee,  
youth, I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful in-  
stance of its power to punish. [*Barnwell* seems to  
pray.] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself, not  
me. How doth his fervent soul mount with his  
words, and both ascend to heaven! that heaven,  
whose gates are shut with adamantine bars against  
my prayers, had I the will to pray. I cannot bear  
it. Sure 'tis the worst of torments to behold others  
enjoy that bliss which we must never taste.

" *Officer.* The utmost limit of your time's granted

" Lucy. But "  
" horror, loathing life, <sup>now</sup>  
" tongue can tell her anguish and despair  
" True. Heaven be better to her than her fear  
" May she prove a warning to others, a monum  
" of mercy in herself.  
" Lucy. Oh, sorrow insupportable! Break, b  
" my heart!"  
True. In vain,

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes, we  
A humane, gen'rous sense of others' woe;  
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,  
And by avoiding that—prevent our own [F]

*Spoken by Maria.*

---

SINCE fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth  
For whom my heart had hoarded up its truth;  
By all the laws of love and honour, now,  
I'm free again to choose——and one of you.

But soft——With caution first I'll round me p.  
Maids, in my case, should look before they lea.  
Here's choice enough, of various sorts and hue  
The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue,  
The fair spruce mercer, and the tawny Jew.

Suppose I search the sober gallery?——No  
There's none but 'prentices, and cuckolds all-a-ro.  
And these, I doubt, are those that make them s.  
[Pointing to the Barn]

'Tis very well, enjoy the jest:——But you,  
*Fine powder'd sparks,*——nay, I am told 'tis true  
*Your happy spouses* ——make such olda.

Not w  
In short, my heart w  
I yield it to the hand that's lou



BEN JONSON.

*— or —*

AS ALTERED BY

*DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.*

---

*LONDON:*

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,  
*Dean Street,*

FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE YORK HOU  
PICCADILLY.

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1804.



From him, such plays as other plays shou'd b  
Wou'd learn from him to scorn a motley scen  
And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with  
Thus spoke the bard—and though the tim  
chang'd,

Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd :  
And satire had not then appear'd in state,  
To lash the finer follies of the great,  
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,  
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd  
With no false niceness this performance view  
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true :  
Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be  
Which Cambden patroniz'd, and Shakspeare  
Nature was Nature then, and still survives :  
*The garb may alter, but the substance lives.*  
*Lives in this play*—where each may find  
*His pictur'd self*—Then favour the dece  
Kindly forget the hundred years between  
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Kitely, a Merchant.  
Captain Bohadil.  
Kno'well, an old Gentleman.  
Edward Kao'well, his Son.  
Brain-worm, the Father's Man.  
Mr. Stephen, a Country Gull.  
Downright, a plain Squire.  
Well-bred, his Half-brother.  
Justice Clement, an old merry Magistrate.  
Roger Formal, his Clerk.  
Mr. Matthew, the Town Gull.  
Cash, Kitely's Man.  
Cob, a Water-bearer.  
Kitely. Sister to Kitely.

~~Y~~ MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

---

ACT I.

CENE I. *A Court-Yard before Kno'well's House.*

*Enter KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM.*

*No.* A GOODLY day toward! and a fresh morning! Brainworm,  
up young master. Did him rise, sir.  
him I have some business to employ him.

*ra.* I will, sir, presently.

*no.* But hear you, sirrah.

e be at his book, disturb him not.

*ra.* Well, sir.

[Exit]  
*no.* How happy, yet, should I esteem myself,  
ld I, by any practice, wear the boy  
n one vain course of study he affects.

Cousin Step'.

What news with you,

Step. Nothing, but e'en com'-  
uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome,

Step. Ay, I know that, sir, I would not ha' c'-  
else. How doth my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno. O, well, coz, go in and see: I doubt  
scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell i-  
he have s'er a book of the sciences of hawk-  
hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawk-  
will you?

Step. No wofse, but I'll practise agains'  
year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, a  
and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a b-

it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are a  
Why, you know, an' a man have not  
hawking and hunting languages now-a

give a rush for him. They are more  
-eek, or the Latin. He is for no  
-em. And by Gad's li  
-t for every b  
-e

What would I have you do! I'll tell you,  
kinsman;

I am to be wise, and practise how to thrive;  
I would I have thee do : and not to spend  
our coin our every bawble that you fancy,  
every foolish brain that humours you.

I would not have you to invade each place,

" Nor thrust yourself on all societies,

" Till men's affections, or your own desert,

" Should worthily invite you to your rank.

" He that is so respectless in his courses,

" Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.

" Nor would I you should melt away yourself

" In flashing bravery, lest while you affect

" To make a blaze of gentry to the world,

" A little puff of scorn extinguish it,

" And you be left like an unsavory snuff,

" Whose property is only to offend."

I'd ha' you sober and contain yourself:

Not, that your sail be bigger than your boat;

But mod'rate your expences now (at first)

As you may keep the same proportion still.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,

Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,

~~From dead men's dust and bones - and none of you're~~

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy yo  
had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you ha  
with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so y  
your pleasure.

Step. And so I woold, sir, good n  
nion ? an' you were oat o' my uncle  
tell you ; though I do not stand up  
neither in't.

Kno. Cousin ! cousin ! will this :

Step. Whoreson, base fellow ? a :  
ing man ? By this cudgel, and 'twere  
I would—

Kno. What would you do, you pe  
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.  
You see, the honest man demeans !  
Modestly towards you, giving no rep  
To your unseason'd, quarrelling, ru  
And still you buff it, with a kind of  
As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in, 'fore heaven, I am :

When hast a tinsmith's interest in "

No, ~~where~~ this honest friend drink here.  
you go in. [Exit *Brian*, and Serv.  
letter is directed to my son :  
I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,  
the safe conscience of good manners, use  
fellow's error to my satisfaction.  
, I will break it ope (old men are curious)  
but for the style's sake, and the phrase,  
ee if both do answer my son's praises,  
is, almost, grown the idolater  
his young Well-bred: What have we here?  
What's this ?

[*The Letter.*]

Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forswo  
y friends i' th' Old Jewry? or dost thou thin  
Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigil  
r alone, to number over his green aprico  
ng and morning, o' the north-west wall: an  
een his son, I had sav'd him the labour los  
; If, taking in all the young wenches that pa  
the back door, and coddling every ~~bawdy~~

I judge him a profane and dissol:  
Worse, by profession of such gre:  
Being the master of so loose a sp:  
Why, what unhallow'd ruffian wo:  
In such a scurrilous manner, to :  
Why should he think, I tell my a:  
Or play th' Hesperian dragon wi:  
To watch it? Well, my son, I 'ad  
You'd had more judgment, t' ha:  
Of your companions, " than t' ha:  
" Such petulant, jeering gameste:  
" No argument or subject from t:  
But I perceive, affection makes a:  
Of any man, too much the fathe:

*Enter BRAIN-WO*

*Brain.* Sir.

*Kno.* Is the fellow gone that h

*Brain.* Yes, sir, a pretty while

*Kno.* And where's your young

*Brain.* In his chamber, sir.

*Kno.* He speake not with the fe

*Brain.* No sir he saw him no

*In.* Did he open it, say'st thou?

*In.* Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the con-

*In.* That's bad. What countenance, pray  
had he i' the reading of it? Was he angry,  
is'd?

*In.* Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open  
sure your worship.

*In.* No! How know'st thou then, that he did  
?

*In.* Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my  
tell nobody that he open'd it: which, unles  
d done, he would never fear to have it re

*In.* That's true: well, I thank thee, Brain

*Enter Master STEPHEN.*

*M.* O! Brain-worm, did'st thou not see a fel  
ere, in a what-sha'-call him doublet? H  
ht mine uncle a letter e'en now.

*In.* Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

him a little. He ~~ow~~  
Brain. You'll be worse  
if'd, Master Stephen. Best keep  
alk yourself ill you be cold, your choice  
under you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st  
me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brain-worm?  
woollen stocking does not command it so well.  
Step. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now  
summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair  
of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i' the town.

Brain. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.  
Step. In sadness, I think it woald; I have a rea-  
sonable good leg.  
Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master  
Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now;  
I am very sorry for't.

Step. Another time will serve, Brain-worm. [Exit.  
mercy, for this.

Enter Young KNOWELL.

Ha, ha, ha!  
... he laughs not at me; an  
... to be!

"that letter. By this good light, an' set me—

"Now now, cousin Stephen, melancholy? a little. I thought you had laugh'd at

"Why, what an' I had, coz, what would me?

"By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

"No. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I laugh'd at you, coz.

"Did you, indeed?

"Kno. Yes, indeed.

"Cp. Why, then—

"Kno. What then?

"Cp. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

"Kno. Why, be so, gentle coz. And I pray you, let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him: it's but crossing over the fields to Moor-gate: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

"Stan Sir that's all one an' twere. you shall

Step. I'll assure you.  
proud, and melancholy.

E. Kno. Why, that's resolute, Master.  
Now, if I can but hold him up, Master,  
happily begun, it will do well to his height, as  
we may hap have a match with the city, and  
him for forty pounds. Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.  
E. Kno. Follow me; you must go before.  
Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you [E:  
me, good cousin.

### SCENE III. The Street before Cob's

Enter Mr. MATTHEW.  
Mat. I think this be the house. What

Cob. Who's there? O, Master Matthew.  
Enter COB, from the House.  
worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! How dost thou, god  
thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha'  
our days.

shew me of

captain. [WHO SHOWS MASTER MAN. WHO THE HOUSE.] You should ha' some now, would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth ; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is. O, my guest is a fine man ! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened : by St. George—the foot of Pharaoh—the body of me,—as I am a gentleman—and a soldier ; such dainty oaths ! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest ! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at's tonnels ! Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse by six-pence a time, besides his lodging ; I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

(Exit.)

*SCENE IV. A Room in Cob's House.*

**BOBADIL** discovered upon a Bench. **TIB**  
to him.

*Bob. Hostess.*

with you.  
Bob. A gentle  
Tib. My husband to you.  
Bob. What a plague—what  
Mat. [Within.] Captain Bobadil!  
Bob. Whose there!—Take away the bason, t'  
hostess. Come up, sir.  
Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir.  
come into a cleanly house here.

Enter Mr. MATTHEW.

Mat. 'Save you, sir; 'save you, captain.  
Bob. Gentle Master Matthew! is it yo  
Please you, sit down.  
Mat. Thank you, good captain; you n  
am somewhat addacious.  
Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to su  
night, by a sort of gallants, where you w  
for, and drank to, I assure you.  
Mat. Vouchsafe me by whom, good c  
Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, a  
Why, hostess! a stool here for this gentl  
Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.  
Bob. Body of me! It was so late e  
last night, I can scarce open my eyes  
now risen, as you came. How y  
hour to see  
and

Bob. 'Tis good; proceed, proceed.

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nosegae:  
he infanoy of my muses. But, when will you come  
and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some  
very good things I have done of late—That boot  
becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the  
fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother and I are  
fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I happen'd  
to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I  
assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was  
most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like; yet  
he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the most pied  
and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. 'Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't  
not?

Mat. Ay, sir, George Downright.

Bob. Hang him, rook! He! why, he has no more  
judgment than a mait-horse. By St. George, I won-  
der you'd lose a thought upon such an animal! The  
most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom,  
the day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a  
soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with a soldier, or

it so, for my m—  
Bob. That may be : <sup>now</sup>  
of his word. But when ! when —  
Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say : a young  
a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' twere my  
now, I should send him a challenge, and sufficient  
bastinado ! A most proper, and sufficient  
evidence, warranted by the great Caranza. Ce-  
ther, you shall challenge him. I'll shew you  
or two, you shall kill him with, at please  
first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowle-  
mystery, I have heard, sir.  
Bob. Of whom? Of whom ha' you hea-  
seech you ?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken  
that you have very rare and un-in-one-  
able skill, sir.

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I ; no skill  
some small rudiments i' the science, i'  
time, distance, or so. I have profest i'  
blemen and gentlemen's use than n-  
tice, I assure you. I'll give you a  
... sir. Exalt not your point abo-  
... sir. Come on ! O, t-  
... may fall to

*SCENE I.*

*Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNTON.*

Kite. Thomas, come hither.  
There lies a note within, upon my desk,  
Here, take my key—It is no matter, neither.  
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse.

Kite. Let him tell over, straight, that Spanish  
gold,

And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you  
See the delivery of those silver stuffs,  
To Mi. Lucar. Tell him, if he will,  
He shall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him,  
And I will meet him on the Exchange, anon.

Cash. Good, sir. [Exit.

Kite. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Dow. Aye, what of him?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother,—  
I took him of a child, up, at my door,  
And christened him; gave him my own name,  
Thomas;

Since bred him, at the hospital; where proving  
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him  
So much, as I have made him my cashier,  
And find him, in his place, so full of faith,  
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's brother,  
As it is like, he is, although I knew  
But you said you'd somehow  
what is't? what is'

But that  
Against the next  
Dow. What need this  
be direct.

" Kite. I will not say how much I  
Unto your friendship; nor, in what regard  
I hold your love: but let my past behaviour,  
And usage of your sister, but confirm  
How well I've been affected to your—  
Dow. " You are too tedious," come to the m  
Kite. Then, the matter.

My brother, Well-bred, sir, I know not how,  
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,  
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.  
When he came first to lodge here in my house,  
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him:  
" Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,  
So full of man, and sweetnes in his carriage,  
And what was chief, it shew'd not bo  
But all he did, became him as his own,  
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and pos  
As breath with life, or colour with the  
But now his course is so irregular,  
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace,  
And he himself, withal so far fall'n o  
that first place, as scarce no r  
indgments where no r  
to all due r  
not c

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,  
Though but with plain and easy circumstance,  
It would both come much better to his sense,  
And savour less of stomach, or of passion.  
You are his elder brother, and that title  
Both gives and warrants you authority:  
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,  
It would but add contempt to his neglect,  
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,  
That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down,  
And, in the ruin, bury all our love.  
Nay, more than this, brother, if I should speak,  
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,  
And over-flowing of the vapour, in him,  
To blow the ears of his familiars  
With the false breath of telling what disgraces  
And low disparagements I had put upon him.  
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,  
Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word,  
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all o'er;  
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,  
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.  
And what would that be, think you? Marry, this:  
They would give out, because my wife is fair,  
Myself but newly married, and my sister  
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,

*Bob.* The time o' day, to you, sir,  
house. Is Mr. Well-bred stirring?

*Dow.* How then? what should he do?

*Bob.* Gentleman of the house, it is you: is he  
within, sir?

*Kite.* He came not to his judging to-night, sir, I  
assure you.

*Dow.* Why, do you hear? you!

*Bob.* The gentleman-citizen hath satisfy'd me,  
I'll talk to no scavenger. [Exeunt Bob. and Mat.

*Dow.* How, scavenger! stay, sir, stay!

*Kite.* Nay, brother Downright.

*Dow.* 'Heart! stand you away, and you love me.

[some]

Dow.

Kite.

I not

I cou

bwe'e

luid

Well

ay 't

want

at an

te. But brother, let your reprehension then  
in an easy current, not o'er high  
led with rashness, or devouring choler ;  
rather use the soft persuading way,  
than winning, than enforcing the consent.

tw. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant ye.  
[Bell rings

te. How now ! Oh, the bell rings to breakfas-  
her, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife  
pany till I come ; I'll but give order  
some dispatch of business to my servant—  
tw. I will—Scavenger !—scavenger !—

[Exit Dow.

te. Well, though my troubled spirit's somewh-  
ot repos'd in that security [eas'-  
could wish : but, I must be content.  
'er I set a face on't to the world,  
d I had lost this finger, at a venture,  
ell-bred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.  
t cannot be, where there is such resort  
nton gallants, and young revellers,  
inv woman should be honest !—

And shall I  
To attend the injury  
My presence shall be as  
Twixt the conspiring motions of  
Yea, every look or glance mine eye  
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,  
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame KITELY.

Dame. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the  
rosewater above in the closet. Sweetheart, will you  
come in to breakfast?

Kite. An' she have overheard me now!  
Dame. I pray thee, good mus, we stay for you.  
Kite. By Heav'n, I would not for a thousand m.  
Dame. geis.

Dame. What ails you, sweetheart? are you w-  
ell? Speak, good mus.

Kite. Troth, my head aches extremely, o'-  
sudden.

Dame. Oh, the lord!

Kite. How now! what!

Dame. Alas, how it hurts! Mus, keep you  
good truth it is this new disease! there's a i  
troubled withal! For love's sake, swe

out of the air.  
-ole, and how subtle are her  
troubled with it  
the world i  
near

wing it, to want the mind's direction  
extremes! Well, I will once more strive,  
e of this black cloud, myself to be,  
ake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [Exit.

## SCENE II. Moorfields.

*Enter BRAIN-WORM, disguis'd like a Soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see  
lyself translated thus. Now must I create an in-  
merable sort of lies, or my present profession loses  
te grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is  
ominous a fruit as the Fico. 'O, sir, it holds for  
od polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest  
imation that inwardly is most dear to us. So  
uch for my borrow'd shape. Well, the truth is,  
y old master intends to follow my young, dry-  
ot, over Moorfields to London this morning: now  
knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspi-  
cy, and to insinuate with my young master, for so  
ust we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope and  
rvice do, have got me afore in this disguise, de-  
rmining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept  
im in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his  
arse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is,  
tay his journey—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with

Step. I can  
Brain. 'Slid, I  
would I could get by the  
E. Kno. What! ha' you it?  
Step. No, I think I was bewitch'd  
E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the los'  
Step. Oh, it's here—No, an' it had been los'  
had not car'd, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary se  
me.  
E. Kno. A jet ring! oh, the poesy, the poesv  
is deep; meaning that though fancy sleep, my  
yet she loved me dearly.  
E. Kno. Most excellent!  
Step. And then I sent her another, and  
Peter.  
E. Kno. How by St. Peter? I do r  
that.  
Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up  
E. Kno. Well, there the saint wa  
tron; he help'd you at your need:  
I cannot take leave on  
what will. Gentle  
owns, for a  
oor g

scabbard, too,  
you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worship's pleasure, sir;

a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard; but tell me,  
what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver  
hilt—

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold,  
there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say  
so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to  
be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel,  
like a higgin-bottom, and may have a rapier for  
money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.  
Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I  
have a mind to't because 'tis a field rapier. Tell  
me your lowest price.

E. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.  
Step. By this money but I will, though I give  
more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll  
have it for that word's sake. Follow me for your  
money.

Brain. At your service, sir.

(Exeunt

On a grey heau. —  
Against a buffoon ; and a man had then  
A certain reverence paid unto his years  
That had none due unto his life.  
But now we are fall'n ; youth from their fees  
And age from that which bred it, good exa  
Nay, would ourselves were not the first,  
    reats,

That did destroy the hopes in our own chi  
“ Or they not learn'd our vices in their cri  
“ And suck'd in our ill customs with their  
“ Ere all their teeth be born, or they can  
“ We make their palates cunning ! ” The f  
We form their tongues with, are licentious  
Can it call whore ? cry bastard ? O, then  
A witty child ! Can't swear ? The father's  
Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't ab  
No bawdy song, the mother herself will tu  
But this is in the infancy ;  
When it puts on the breeches,  
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like ;  
When it is gone into the bone already !  
    no : this die goes deeper than the Q  
    ... ~~the~~ unto the live!

lope, hath met within my threshold  
These houshold precedents ; which are  
long  
to rape youth to their precipice.  
house at home be ne'er so clean  
kept sweet from filth,  
will live abroad with his companions,  
and misrule, 'tis worth a fear.  
is the danger of conversing less  
than all that I have mention'd of example."

### Enter BRAIN-WORM.

*Brain.* My master ! Nay, faith have at you ; I am  
flesh'd now, I have sped so well ; though I must at-  
tack you in a different way. Worshipful sir, I be-  
seech you, respect the state of a poor soldier ! I am  
asham'd of this base course of life, (God's my com-  
fort) but extremity provokes me to't : what remedy ?

*Kno.* I have not for you now.

*Brain.* By the faith I bear unto truth, an'teman,  
it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve  
manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a  
man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

*Kno.* Prithee, good friend, be satisfied.

But would become thee  
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,  
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds  
Not caring how the metal of your minds  
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.  
Now, afore me, whate'er he be that should  
Relieve a person of thy quality,  
While thou insist in this loose desperate c  
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

*Brain.* Faith, sir, I would gladly find s  
course, if so—

*Kno.* Aye, you'd gladly find it, but yo  
seek it.

*Brain.* Alas! sir, where should a ma  
the wars there's no ascent by desert in  
but—and for service, would it were ac  
chased as wish'd for, (the air's my comf  
what I would say—

*Kno.* What's thy name?

*Brain.* Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

*Kno.* Fitz Sword,

Say that a man should entertain thee n  
would thou be honest, humble, just:

EVERY MAN IN HIS SENSES  
pray himself thus? Now I shall be possessed  
of all his counsels! and by that conduct my  
brother. Well, he is resolved to prove my  
faith, and I am resolved to prove his pa-  
tient. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably! This  
piece of service will bring him clean out of  
the sight of a red coat, or a musket-rest  
man. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad  
counterfeit. Why, this is better than to have staid his  
journey! Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to  
be employed!

With change of voice, these scars, and many an  
oath,  
I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both.

[Exit.]

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. Stocks-Market.

Enter MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, and BOBADIL.  
— faith, sir! we were at your lodging to

not fancy  
Mat. Troth, no  
not how: he doth not care  
man of fashion—  
Well. Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace,  
but to a few, "quos aequus amat Jupiter."  
"Mat. I understand you, sir."

Enter Young KNO'WELL and STEPHEN.

Well. "No question you do, or you do not, sir  
Ned! By my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet  
spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo, and  
mad Thespian girls. Now I see better while I live, for  
my dear fury. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of.  
what a drowsy humour is this now? Why do  
not speak?"

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you !  
a rare letter.

Well. Why, wasn't not rare?  
E. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never  
reading the like. Match it in all Pliny's  
and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the  
rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is  
that I marvel what camel it was that had  
for doubtless he was no ord

whv, dc

*E. Kno.* Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly, that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him so.

*Well.* Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

*Step.* My name is Mr. Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir: his father is mine uncle, sir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

*Bob.* Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Mr. Well-bred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you; and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

*E. Kno.* And I fewer, sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

*Mat.* But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

(To Mr. Stephen.)

*Step.* Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

*Mat.* Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds you perfect fine wit, sir; I am melancholy myself divers times, sir; and the do I no more but take a pen and paper presen-

E. Kno. He is in  
Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking  
able piece of service was performing St. Mark's day, shall be some

E. Kno. In what place, captain  
Bob. Why, at the beleag'ru  
where, in less than two hours, s  
lute gentlemen, as any were in  
lives upon the breach. I'll tel  
was the first, but the best least  
held with these eyes, except it  
do you call it, last year, by th  
(of all others) was the most fa  
ploit that ever I was ranged  
arms before the face of the e  
tlemen and a soldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as :  
as well as that gentleman.

E. Kno. Then you were  
seems ; at Strigonium, and

Bob. Oh, lord, sir ! by St  
man that enter'd the breach  
it with resolution, I had b  
million of lives.

"Twas a pity ye

? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindan  
But, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'en  
the virtue of mine own, and therefore I da  
ler maintain it.

I marvel whether it be a Toledo, or no.  
A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.  
I have a countryman of his here.

Pray you, let's see, sir. Yes, faith, it is!  
This, a Toledo ! pish.

Why do you pish, captain ?

A Fleming, by Heaven ! I'll buy them for  
. piece, an' I would have a thousand of them  
o. How say you, cousin ? I told you thu

Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen ?  
If a scurvy rogue soldier (a hundred of lic  
him) he swore it was a Toledo.  
A poor provant rapier, no better.  
Dass, I think it be, indeed ! now I look on'

Nay, the longer you look on't the worse  
, put it up!

Well, I will ~~put it up~~ . . . .

*Step. Yet, by his leave,*  
favour, do you see.

*E. Kno.* Ay, by his leave, he is, and  
vour. Pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how you  
like him?

*Well.* Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much  
on him. I can compare him to nothing more hap-  
pily, than a drum; for every one may play upon  
him.

*E. Kno.* No, no, a child's whistle were far the  
fitter.

*Step.* Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

er hath blown thee hither in this shape  
ain. The breath o' your letter, sir, this is  
the same that blew you to the wind-mill  
father after you.

*Kno.* My father !

*ain.* Nay, never start; 'tis true; he has  
d you over the fields by the foot, as you i  
hare i' the snow.

*Kno.* Sirrah, Well-bred, what shall w  
h ? My father is come over after me.

*ell.* Thy father ! Where is he ?

*ain.* At Justice Clement's house, here, in  
street, where he but stays my return;

---

*ell.* Who's this ? Brain-worm ?

*ain.* The same, sir.

*ell.* Why, how, i' the name of wit, comes  
muted thus ?

*ain.* Faith, a device ! a device ! Nay, fe  
of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the da  
not here, withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

*Kno.* Come, cousin. [Exit]

## *SCENE II. The Warehouse.*

*Enter KITELY and CASH.*

*te.* What says he, Thomas ? Did you speal  
?

*sh.* He will expect you, sir, within thi

Thomas, come hither, near ;  
Too private in this business.  
(Now he has sworn, I dare th  
I have of late, by divers obse  
But whether his oath can bin  
I will bethink me ere I do pr  
Thomas, it will be now too lo  
I'll spy some fitter time soon.

*Cash.* Sir, at your pleasure  
*Kite.* I will think.\* Give  
Thomas,

I pray you search the books  
For the receipts 'twixt me an  
*Cash.* I will, sir.

*Kite.* And, hear you, if yo  
Well-bred,

Chance to bring hither any e  
Ere I come back, let one str  
*Cash.* Very well, sir.

*Kite.* To the Exchange ; d  
Or here in Coleman Street, i  
Forget it not, nor be out of i

*Enter WELL-BRED, EDW. KNO WELL, BRAIN  
WORM, BOBADIL, STEPHEN.*

Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried.

E. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it a well, did it not?

Well. Yea, faith! but was't possible thou should'st not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Kno. 'Fore heav'n, not I. " He had so written himself into the habit of one of your poor infantries, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentle men of the round."

Well. Why, Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Kno. An artificer! an architect! Except man had studied begging all his life-time, and became a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it! I never saw his rival.

Well. Where get'at thou this coat, I marvel?  
Brain. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of Mr. Wil's near kinsmen, a broker.

*Enter CASH.*

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to now? What a spite's this?

*Well.* whither went your son  
thou tell?

*Cash.* I know not; to Justice  
sir. Cob!

*E. Kno.* Justice Clement!

*Well.* Why, dost thou not  
city magistrate, a justice here,  
lawyer, and a great scholar:  
merry old fellow in Europe! I  
other day.

*E. Kno.* Oh, is that he! I  
Good faith! and he has a v  
methinks; it shews as if he s  
from other men. I have hear  
the university. They say, he  
for taking the wall of his hor

*Well.* Ay, or wearing his c  
or serving of God. Any thing  
the way of his humour.

*Enter CAS*

*Cash. Gasper, Martin, Cob!  
thou ha' trou?*

*Enter CASH and COB.*

*Cash.* At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle  
of Coleman Street.

*Cob.* O, ho !

*Bob.* Where's the match I gave thee? Master  
Kitely's man?

*Cash.* Here it is, sir.

*Cob.* By God's-me! I marvel what pleasure or fe-  
licity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! it's  
good for nothing but to choke a man, and to fill him  
full of smoke and embers.

[*Bob. beats him with a Cudgel, Mat. runs away.*

*All.* Oh, good captain! hold! hold!

*Bob.* You base scullion, you.

*Cash.* Come, thou must need be talking too;  
thou'rt well enough serv'd.

*Cob.* Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live ! I  
will have justice for this.

*Bob.* Do you prate? Do you murmur?

[*Bob. beats him off.*

*E. Kno.* Nay, good captain, will you regard the  
humour of a fool?

*Bob.* A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an  
excrement! Body o' Cæsar; but that I scorn to let  
forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the  
earth.

*Well.* Marry, the law forbid, sir.

*Cob.* By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

genuity.

*Step.* Not I, body of me,  
and the foot of Pharaoh!

*Well.* Rare! your count  
drawn out with oaths.

*E. Kno.* 'Tis larded wi'  
dressing, if you love it.  
cousin.

*SCENE III. A Hall in*

*Enter KITEL*

*Kite.* Ha! How many a  
Cob. Marry, sir, your br-

*Kite.* Tut, beside him :  
man ?

*Cob.* Strangers! let me  
know not well, there are s-

*Kite.* How, so many?

*Cob.* Ay, there's some fi-  
most.

*Kite.* A swarm, a swarm  
Snite of the devill! how the

, which of them was't that first kis'd my sister, I should say, my wife, alas! ar not her. Ha! Who was it, say'st thou? ob. By my troth, sir, will you have the trut

ite. Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

ob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bi l than your worship's company, if I saw any ! he kis'd unless they would have kis'd the middle of the warehouse; for there I left at their tobacco, with a pox!

ite. How! were they not gone in then, ere t 'st?

ob. O, no, sir!

ite. Spite o' the devil! What do I stay l ? Cob, follow me. [Eri

Cob. Nay, soft and fair, I have eggs on it. Now am I for some five and fifty reas mmering, hammering revengel Nay, au' he t lain in my house, 'twould never have grie ; but, being my guest, one that I'll be swor ed and trusted; and he to turn monaster of

SCENE I.

Enter DOWNTRIGHT and DA  
Down. Well, sister, I tell you  
find it so, in the end.  
Dame. Alas, brother, what wo  
do? I cannot help it. You see  
'em in here, they are his friend  
Dow. His friends! his friends  
thing but haunt him up and do  
lucky spirits, and tempt him  
lany that can be thought of.  
little thing would make me pli  
of 'em. And 'twere not mo  
sake, than any thing else, I'  
hot for the best on 'em.  
swear, hell were broken loc  
But, by God's will, 'tis nobe  
an' you had done as you  
should have been as you  
mother's son, ere they she  
of 'em.  
Dame. God's my life!  
what a strange ma  
you? I

**E. EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.** 47

*unto read ; he should do it of his own natural  
indence.*

*Bridg.* Servant, what is this same, I pray you ?  
*Mat.* Marry, an elegy ! an elegy ! an odd toy—I'll  
read it, if you please.

*Bridg.* Pray you do, servant.

*Dow.* O, here's no foppery ! Death ! I can endure  
the stocks better.

*E. Kno.* What ails thy brother ? Can he not bear  
the reading of a ballad ?

*Well.* O, no ; a rhyme to him is worse than  
cheese, or a bagpipe. But, mark, you lose the pro-  
testation.

*Bob.* Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation  
of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fle,  
while you live, avoid this prolixity.

*Mat.* I shall, sir.

*Rare creature, let me speak without offence,*

here. You  
your soldados and  
down the city, and bere they  
and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer,  
your fellow. Well there, get you out; get you home;  
this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.  
Well. Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do. Cat  
off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do  
you see; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll  
run my rapier to the hilt in you.

Dow. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.  
[They all draw, and they of the House make  
out to part them.]

Dame. O, Jesu! murder! Thomas, Gasper!  
Bridg. Help, help, Thomas.

E. Kno. Gentlemen, forbear.  
well, sirrah! you Holofernes! by my han  
flesh full of holes with my rapier  
and Heay'n. Nay,

There was one a civil gentleman,  
And very worthily demean'd himself.

*Kite.* O, that was some love of yours, sister.

*Bridg.* A love of mine? I would it were no  
worse, brother! You'll pay my portion sooner than  
you think for. [Exit.]

*Dame.* Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of  
exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent  
good parts. What a coil and stir is here? [Exit.]

*Kite.* Her love, by Heav'n! my wife's minion!  
Death, these phrases are intolerable!

Well, well, well, well, well, well!

It is too plain, too clear. Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

*Cash.* Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister——

*Kite.* Are any of the gallants within?

*Cash.* No, sir, they are all gone.

*Kite.* Art thou sure of it?

*Cash.* I can assure you, sir.

*Kite.* What gentleman was it that they pral'd  
Thomas?

*Cash.* One, they call him Master Knowell  
handsome young gentleman, sir.

SCENE II. A

Enter E. KNO'WELL, WEI  
WORM

*E. Kno.* Well, Brain-wor-  
ness happily, and thou mak-  
love for ever.

*Well.* I'faith, now let thy  
cultiies; but at my hand, re-  
my brother; for there's no  
him out of his house.

*Brain.* I warrant you, si  
a nimble soul has waked a  
by this time, and put 'em  
you have posseſſed me witha-  
ſir. Make it no question.

*Well.* Forth, and proſpe-  
Ned, how dest thou appro-  
device?

*E. Kno.* Troth, well, how  
excellent, if it take.

*Well.* Take, man! Why

*Enter FORMAL and KNO'WELL.*

Was your man a soldier, sir ?  
ye, a knave, I took him begging o' the way.  
ning, as I came over Moorfields.

*Enter BRAIN-WORM.*

: is ! you have made fair speed, believe me.  
the name of sloth could you be thus—  
Marry, peace be my comfort, where I  
should have had little comfort of your  
service.

ow so ?

O, sir ! your coming to the city, your en-  
it of me, and your sending me to watch—  
the circumstances either of your charge,  
ployment, are as open to your son as to

'w should that be ! unless that villain,  
ain-worm,  
him of the letter, and discovered  
trictly charg'd him to conceal ! 'Tis so !  
am partiv o' that said .



about what, which, when  
me (as I protest they n  
and made an anatomy  
told 'em,) they locked me  
of a high house, whence, t  
light heart, I slid down b:  
into the street, and so 'sca  
I can assure you ; for I he  
up ; there were a great n  
brave citizens wives with  
son, Mr. Edward, withdre  
has pointed to meet her :  
a water-bearer, that dw  
there your worship shall  
there he preys, and fail he

*Kno.* Nor will I fail to  
not.

Go thou along with Justice  
And stay there for me. /  
thou ?

*Brain.* Aye, sir, there y  
*Kno'well.]* Yes ! Invisible

to the Windmill.  
brain, I'll follow you, sir, and make grist o' you.  
have good luck.  
[Exit]

er MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBAD  
and STEPHEN.

Cat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clo-  
sim, where we were to-day. Mr. Well-bre-  
brother? I think the whole earth cannot sh-  
parallel, by this day-light.

Kno. We are now speaking of him. Captu-  
dil tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Cat. O, aye, sir! he threatened me with the ba-  
o.

b. Aye, but I think I taught you preventi-  
aorning for that—You shall kill him beyon-  
ion, if you be so generously minded.

c. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

d. O, you do not give spirit enough to your me-  
you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must b-  
like lightning; hey! [He practises at a Pos-  
e. Rare captain!

though I be skilful, I may  
lose by it, if it were so.

E. Kno. Aye, believe me, may you,  
my conceit, our whole nation should

Bob. Alas, no! What's a peculiar  
nation? Not seen.

E. Kno. O, but your skill, sir!  
Bob. Indeed, that might be some  
respects it? I will tell you, sir, by  
vate, and under seal, I am a gentle-  
man obscure, and to myself: but w-  
his majesty, and the lords, observe  
dertake, upon this poor head and lif-  
lic benefit of the state, not only to  
lives of his subjects in general, but  
half, nay, three parts of his yearly  
ing war, and against what enemy so  
would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor ca-

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would  
more to myself, throughout the  
they should be, of good spirit, str-

to choose them

that were I known  
to give me, I would  
not life, for the  
Lord to spare the earth  
to save the world  
charge in his hands  
ever. And he

will bastinado him  
meet him.

Mat. Faith, and  
distance.

Enter DOWNRIVER

E. Kno. God's i  
he goes.

Dow. What peer  
with these bragging

Bob. It's not he,

E. Kno. Yes, fair

Mat. I'll be han

E. Kno. I assure

Step. Upon my r

Bob. Had I thou  
have gone so: but  
believe it was he yo

E. Kno. That I  
again!

Dow. O, Pharaoh  
Come, draw; to yo  
thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman  
bear me—

Dow. Draw your

Bob. Tall man, I



*Bob.* Hold, hold, under i  
*Dow.* Prate again, as you  
foist, you. You'll contro  
consort is gone; had he s  
you, sir.

*E. Kno.* Twenty, and kill  
them too. Ha, ha!

*Bob.* Well, gentlemen, b  
to the peace by this good c

*E. Kno.* No, faith, it's a  
reckon it other: put say  
peace, the law allows you  
will prove but a poor excu

*Bob.* I cannot tell, sir.  
tion, in fair sort. I've neve  
grace, by Heaven. Sure I  
thence, for I had no powe

*E. Kno.* Aye, like enou  
that have been beaten un  
to a surgeon. 'Slid, am' t  
passados and your montar

*Bob.* I was planet-struc

*E. Kno.* O, manners! t  
forth such creatures? tha

success, sir, none; there's not a hole or  
searched by us, from the upper loft unto the

They have convey'd him then away, or hid  
some privacy of their own—Whilst we  
arching of the dark closet by my sister's  
, did'st thou not think thou heard'st a rust-  
he other side, and a soft tread of feet!

Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you  
ight be only the vermine in the wainscot;  
e is old, and over-run with 'em.

t is, indeed, Thomas,—we should bane  
—Dost thou understand me—we will—they  
harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from  
e or poison can effect it—I will not be tor-  
bus—They gnaw my brain, and barrow in  
—I cannot bear it.

I do not understand you, sir! Good now,  
disturbs you thus? Pray be composed;  
ts of passion have some cause, I fear, that  
ou more nearly.

urely, surely, Thomas—it cleaves too close.



*Kite.* Hark! hark! dost thou  
think'st thou now? Are they not I  
They are, they are. They have dec-  
and thus they triumph in their infi-  
vation is not to be borne. [Lo  
Hark, again!—Cash, do thou, unse  
'em, and listen to their wanjon con-  
*Cash.* I shall obey you, though

*Kite.* Against his will! Ha! it  
young, and may be bribed for th-  
ous means to draw the unwary in  
lost, deceived, betrayed, and my  
fraught bosom, is unlock'd and o-  
and laughter! Heaven forbid! Ho  
viper; sting the hand that rais'd a  
was this stroke added, I should  
cannot be—no it cannot be.

*Enter CASH.*

*Cash.* You are musing, sir.  
*Kite.* I ask your pardon, Cash

*Act 4. EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.*

*Brain.* An appendix to Justice Clement, I called his clerk!

*Kite.* What are your wants with me?

*Brain.* None.

*Kite.* Do you not want to speak with me?

*Brain.* No, but my master does.

*Kite.* What are the justice's commands?

*Brain.* He doth not command, but intreats Kitely to be with him directly, having of some moment to communicate unto him.

*Kite.* What can it be? Say, I'll be with him stantly, and if your legs, friend, go no fast your tongue, I shall be there before you.

*Brain.* I will. Vale. [

*Kite.* 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I m<sup>t</sup> forth—But first, come hither, Thomas—admitted thee into the close recesses of my bosom, shewed thee all my frailties, passions thing.—

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch  
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

*Cash.* As truth's self, sir—

And well I wish you a——  
And curb your headstrong hum  
You were to blame to raise com  
And hurt the peace and order o

*Well.* No harm done, brother  
Since there is no harm done, a  
A man nothing, and a brave ma  
His own man till he be angry—  
His valour in obscurity, is to h  
As it were, in a cloke-bag. WI  
Musician unless he play?

What's a brave man unless he f  
*Dame.* Aye, but what harm  
it, brother?

*Well.* What, school'd on i  
Bridget, save me from the rod

[Bride]

Kite. With what a decent m  
My heart's at ease, and she sh  
How art thou, wife? Thou I  
comely,

In troth, thou dost—I'm sent  
But I shall soon return—Inde  
Business that forces me abroa  
... .

—~~revenge~~— I'll avenge  
—~~envy~~— of envy, stop the tongue of sin-  
r Will I more be pointed at, as one  
sturb'd with jealousy—

Dame. Why, were you ever so!

Kite. What!—Ha! never—ha, ha, ha!  
e stabs me home. [Aside.] Jealous of them,  
, do not believe it—Speak low, my love,  
y brother will overhear us—No, no, my d-  
ou'd not be, it cou'd not be—for—for—  
at is the time now!—I shall be too late—  
no, thou may'st be satisfy'd—  
ere's not the smallest spark remaining—  
aining! What do I say? There never was  
can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfy'd—  
ob within there? Give me a kiss,  
lear; there, there, now we are reconcil'd-  
e back immediately—Good bye, good bye  
ha! jealous, I shall burst my sides with  
ing.

! Cob, where are you, Cob? Ha, ha.—

[Well-bred and Bridget come forward]  
I. What have you done to —

Well. Indeed, it is a necessary quest,  
and a thing not very  
bawd, sister, and oftentimes you  
her house; marry, to what end I can't  
accuse him. Imagine you what you thin'  
ere now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, brother.  
so much I can tell you for your learning. C  
is this the fruit of's jealousy? I thought some  
was in the wind, he acted so much tenderly  
now, but I'll be quit with him.—Thomas!

Fetch your hat, and go with me; I'll get  
and out the backward-way. I would have  
could take him there, I'd return him  
warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy.

Well. Ha, ha! so e'en let them  
make sport anon—What, Brain-wor

Enter BRAIN-WOR  
Brain. I saw the merchant to  
back to tell you, all goes well, thou

RM.

In the corner, all  
is apparel of the  
the pennan with  
the Windmill, where I so marshall'd  
admiration; and  
cause of his death, as he lay alone  
over this country,  
our, and an old  
return; which  
apparel, and  
perhaps,  
merry have  
'ct for their  
king now;

party; you are ripe for a husband, an  
loss to such an occasion is a great  
wise beauty. What say you, sister? Or  
loves you; will you give him the meeti

Bridg. Faith, I had very little coufi  
own constancy, brother, if I durst not;  
but this motion of yours savours of an  
adventurer's servant a little too much,

Well. What's that, sister?

Bridg. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did; I would b  
for my friend. But see, who is return  
us.

### Enter KITELY.

Kite. What villainy is this? Called  
message! This was some plot; I  
Bridget, where's your sister?

Bridg. I think she be gone for  
Kite. How! is my wife gone?  
Heaven's sake.

You, went over  
Bridge. I know now,  
Well. I'll tell you, brother,  
she's gone.  
Kite. Whither, good brother?  
Well. To Cob's house, I believe  
counsel.  
Kite. I will, I will. To Cob's  
She's gone on purpose now to c  
With that lewd rascal, who, to i  
Hath told her all.—Why wou'd  
Well. Because she's not my  
keep her to her tether.  
Kite. So, so so; now 'tis plac  
With my misfortunes; now I  
I'm bruted by my wife, betra  
Mock'd at by my relations, I  
hours,  
Despis'd by myself.—There  
But to revenge myself first.  
And then—all my cares wi  
Bridg. He storms mo  
far in this.  
all end 1

~~assurance?~~ I was fascinated, by  
ivated; but I will be unwitched, and  
law.

*Mat.* Do you hear? Is't not best to get  
it, and have him arrested, and brought  
ntice Clement?

*Bob.* It were not amiss; would we had it  
*Mat.* Why, here comes his man, let's s  
m.

*Bob.* Agreed. Do you speak.

*Enter BRAIN-WORM as FORMAL.*

*Mat.* Save you, sir.

*Brain.* With all my heart, sir!

*Mat.* Sir, there is one Downright hath  
gentleman and myself, and we determ  
te ourselves amends by law; now, if you  
us the favour to procure a warrant to bri  
ure your master, you shall be well consid  
bare you, sir.

*rain.* Sir, you know my service is my  
favours as these, gotten of ~~me~~

too. I  
Mat. Do you hear,  
ney at this time, but you shall  
look you, sir, I will pledge this ring,  
tlemen his Toledo, because we would  
patched.

Brain. I am content, sir; I will g  
rant presently. What's his name, sa  
right?

Mat. Aye, aye, George Downrig  
Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll p  
warrant presently; but who will j  
it?

Mat. That's true, captain, tha  
dered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know no  
danger!

Brain. Why, you were best ge  
o' the city, a serjeant; I'll appo  
please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why w  
Bob. We'll leave it to you, [Exe

Brain. This is rare! Now  
the justice's man's, i  
the varl

*Cash.* Hoa ! who keeps house here ?

*Kno.* O, this is the female copesmate.  
Now shall I meet him straight.

*Dame.* Knock, Thomas, hard.

*Cash.* Hoa ! good wife.

*Tib.* Why, what's the matter with you :

*Dame.* Why, woman, grieves it you to  
door ? Belike you get something to keep

*Tib.* What mean these questions, pray

*Dame.* So strange you make it ! Is not  
band here !

*Kno.* Her husband !

*Dame.* My tried and faithful husband  
Kitely.

*Tib.* I hope he needs not be tried here.

*Dame.* Come hither, Cash—I see my tu-  
ing to his haunts ; let us retire. [The

*Kno.* This must be some device to n  
withal,

Soft—who is this !—Oh ! 'tis my son disgui-  
I'll watch him and surprise him.

*Enter KITELY . . . .*

She is  
And you are well.  
Is meat twice sod to you, ...  
Kno. What mean you, woman? Let  
I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and  
him as my own.  
Kite. [Discovering himself.] I am your cuckoo  
and claim my vengeance.  
Dame. What, do you wrong me, and insult  
Thou faithless man!  
Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet's in-  
dence!

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? And have I ta-  
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,  
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,  
Close at your villany, and wouldst thou 'scu-  
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?  
O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame,  
To have a mind so hot; and to entice,  
And feed the enticement of a lustful woma-

Dame. Out, I defy thee, thou dissembling  
Kite. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pa-  
Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?  
Why, hear you, sir—  
'tis in vain to reason  
I never'd to see yo-

a while now  
you thus  
rough evry  
t I have  
part for ev  
s due;  
time.

[Dress  
our swor  
er post  
nor cap

a good  
e you  
under,  
t to

danger I undergo by this exploit; pray He  
I come well off!

Enter BOBADIL and Mr. MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by  
gown. 'Save you, friend; are not you here by  
pointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an't please you, sir, he told me 1  
gentlemen had willed him to procure a warn  
from his master, which I have about me, to  
served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and  
where the party comes you must arrest. Ser  
upon him quickly, before he be aware—

Enter Mr. STEPHEN, in DOWNRIGHT.

Bob. Bear back, Master Matthew.

Brain. Master Downright, I arrest y  
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*Brain.* Why now you are dece  
Bob. He wears such a cloke,  
us. But see, here he comes inde  
cer.

**Enter DOWNRIG**

*Dow.* Why, how now, Signor G  
flicher of late? Come, deliver up

*Step.* Your cloke, sir! I bougl  
open market.

*Brain.* Master Downright, I  
must serve upon you, procured  
tlemen.

*Dow.* These gentlemen! thes

*Brain.* Keep the peace, I ch  
jesty's name.

*Dow.* I obey thee. What mu

*Brain.* Go before master Ju  
swer what they can object aga  
use you kindly, sir.

*Mat.* Come, let's before, and  
captain—

*Brain.* ... a tall man

be in her  
, officer?  
ement, to s-  
a, sir. I w  
the justic  
[Exe.  
Heaven!  
[Exe.  
it.

him.  
est you.  
+ take you  
turn, no.  
justice,  
at our

thither to meet your son?

*Kno.* Aye, sir.

*Clem.* But who directed you thither?

*Kno.* That did mine own man, sir.

*Clem.* Where is he?

*Kno.* Nay, I know not now; I left him with y  
clerk; and appointed him to stay for me.

*Clem.* My clerk! About what time was this?

*Kno.* Marry, between one and two, as I take i

*Clem.* And what time came my man with  
false message to you, Master Kitely?

*Kite.* After two, sir.

*Clem.* Very good: but Mrs. Kitely, how cha  
it that you were at Cob's? Ha!

*Dame.* An' please you, sir, I'll tell you.  
brother Well-bred told me, that Cob's house w  
suspected place—

*Clem.* So it appears, methinks: but on.

*Dame.* And that my husband used thithe

*Clem.* No matter, so he us'd himself w  
tress.

*Dame.* True, sir; but you know wh  
such haunts, oftentimes.

Tu.  
Clem. I  
vance, Master Kite,  
into the next room with  
of matters, you'll find some  
you—I fear there have been  
parts, and the wags have been  
Kite. I begin to feel it—I'll take your co-

Will you go in, dame?  
Dame. I will have justice, Mr. Kitely.  
Clem. You will be a woman, [Exit Kite. and Dame.  
see—How now, what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a Enter SERVANT.  
out, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A soldier! What's he?  
Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! My sword, quickly. A sol-  
ider enter. Now, sir, and MAN

*b.* **Faith**, sir, so it is, this gentleman  
have been most uncivilly wronged at  
the Downright, a coarse fellow about  
; and, for my own part, I protest, bei  
so sort given to this filthy humour of qu  
hath assaulted me in the way of my pe  
soiled me of mine honour ; disarmed in  
weapons ; and rudely laid me along in  
streets ; when I not so much as once offer  
sist him.

*Clem.* O, God's precious ! Is this the  
Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoo  
he is not fit to look on't, that will put up :

*Mat.* An't please your worship, he was  
the peace.

*Clem.* Why, an' he were, sir, his hands  
bound, were they ?

*Serv.* There's one of the varlets of the  
has brought two gentlemen here, one u  
worship's warrant.

*Clem.* My warrant !

*Serv.* Yea, sir, the officer says, procured  
two.

*Clem.* Bid him come in. Set by this  
What, Mr. Downright ! are you brought  
Freshwater's suit here ?

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and I  
WORM.*

rants, and my hand not at 'em!  
rant? officer, have you it?

*Brain.* No, sir, your worship  
mal, bid me do it for these gentl  
be my discharge.

*Clem.* Why, Master Downrigl  
novice to be served, and never

*Dow.* Sir, he did not serve it

*Clem.* No, how then?

*Dow.* Marry, sir, he came I  
must serve it, and he would use

*Clem.* O, God's pity, was it  
serve it? Give me a warrant, I  
—you knave, you slave, you re  
must, sirrah! Away with him  
teach you a trick for your *mus*

*Brain.* Good sir, I beseech:

*Clem.* Tell him; he shall go  
him, I say.

*Brain.* Aye, sir, if you will  
be for committing more than t  
by my travel any grain of my f

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*No.* Sir, you know I love not to have my favours  
so hard from me. You have your pardon;  
ngh I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel  
in my son against me.

*Brain.* Yes, faith, I have, sir; though you re-  
mind me doubly this morning for yourself; first,  
as Brain-worm, after, as Fitz-sword. I was your re-  
formed soldier. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon  
the errand without end.

*No.* Is it possible! Or that thou shouldst dis-  
guise thyself so as I should not know thee?

*Brain.* O, sir! this has been the day of my meta-  
morphoses; it is not that shape alone that I have  
run through to-day. I brought Master Kitely a  
message too, in the form of Master Justice's man  
here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your  
worship; while Master Well-bred might make a  
conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young mas-  
ter.

BRIDGET.

O, the young company. Welcome you joy. Nay, Mrs. Bridget, blust so fresh a bride, but the news of before you. Master Bridegroom, peace, give me your hand. So were you forsake my roof.

All. We are the more bound to sir.

Clem. Only these two have so 'em they are no part of my care.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep, bleated. Why, sir, you shall give his cloke; and I will entreat him trencher and a napkin you shall have and keep Cob and his wife company will entreat first to be reconciled deavour with your wit to keep 'em

Step. I'll do my best.

Clem. Call Master Kitely and hi

FANTASTIC AND DANGEROUS

Kite. Oh, two my go from me. And me, my wife.  
See, what a drove of horns fly in the air,  
Wing'd with my cleansed, and my credulous breath;  
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,  
See, see, on heads, that think they've none at all.

O, what a plenteous world of this will come :

When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

" Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well. This night we'll de-  
" dicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master  
" Bridegroom, take your bride, and lead, every one  
" a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brain-worm ! to  
" whom all my addresses of courtship shall have  
" their reference : whose adventures this day, when  
" our grand-children shall hear to be made a fable,  
" I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and  
" applause."

[*Exeunt.*



THE  
**GUARDIAN.**

A

**COMEDY.**



BY



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

*Heartly, the Guardian.*

*Sir Charles Clackit, his Friend.*

*Mr. Clackit, Nephew to Sir Charles.*

*Servant.*

*Harriet, Heartly's Ward.*

*Lucy, Servant to Harriet.*

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Sir CHARLES CLACKIT, his NEPHEW*

liking to you? They are all coxcombs, and I am afraid you are no exception to the general rule.

*Y. Cha.* Thank you, uncle—But may I be struck old and peevish, if I would put a false scent to expose you, for all the world in Christendom.—I assure you again, and you may take my word, uncle, that I have no kind of aversion to your nephew, the humble servant.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay—vanity!—vanity! You never take a young fellow's word about anything; they'll lie as fast, and with as little color, as the Brussels Gazette.—Produce your nephew.

*Y. Cha.* Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle? You are urging me to the indelicacy of repeating what I have said.

*Sir Cha.* Why, I see nothing but a scrawny, thin boy, and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of legs that don't look like promising legs.—Have you no better nephew?

*Y. Cha.* Yes, I have, my good uncle, a hundred.

*Sir Cha.* Out with them then.

so do you  
open the matter to  
Y. Cha. Is there  
uncle? The busine  
propose the match,  
give mine; Miss is

Sir Cha. And so y  
heiress, with forty i  
with a scrap of French  
Prithee get away, and

Y. Cha. Nay, but m  
Sir Cha. Nay, but n  
retire, or I'll throw up

Y. Cha. Well, well,  
you come to the point,  
appearance.—*Bon voyage!*

Sir Cha. The devil's  
think.—We send 'em a  
ishness, and they get abo

Enter Mr.

—Good-morrow to you, n  
Hea. And to you, Sir  
you so strong and healthy

Sir Cha. I can return  
friend.—Without flattery,  
than thirty-five; and, betw  
on the wrong side of forty—

Hea. Each o

but !  
out women  
Conscience, a  
our proofs.  
uncle, without  
peating 'em;  
but a fool's hat  
a pair of most u  
better proofs?  
good infidel uncle, hi

then.

Whenever I see her, she  
It's a sign of love.—What  
never answers me.—Another  
Whenever I speak to any body  
perfectly easy.—That's a cu

All it is!  
and with her she is always grave;  
get up to leave her, then she  
'Why will you leave me?  
critice a few things  
I agree with you,



*Hea.* I beg your pardon, & there are many who call them that live single, and perhaps as yet I cannot think that marriage ent with true philosophy,—“ / “ solve to live like the rest of “ only difference, that he is nei “ sions nor events.”—It is not by philosophy, but because I am ~~at~~ forty, Sir Charles, that I desire

*Sir Cha.* As you please, sir : siness.—You have no objection up your ward, Miss Harriet, t ped the collar yourself.—Ha, b

*Hea.* Quite the contrary, si some time from the boarding her home, in order to dispose her own inclination.

*Sir Cha.* Her father, I hav commended that particular c had reached a certain age.

*Hea.* He did so—and I am

**Mrs. Pray,** Sir Charles, let the young gen  
peak.

*Y. Clz.* You'll excuse me, Mr. Heartly—does not set up for an orator—little confidence, sir—You see me what I am—But I ought toardon for the young lady and myself.—Young, sir—I must confess we were wrong to tell it from you—But my uncle, I see, is probably angry; and therefore I shall say no more present.

*Sir Cha.* If you don't leave the room this instant, and stay in the garden till I call you—

*Y. Cla.* I am sorry I have displeased you—but think it was *mal a-propos*; but you must bear with me, uncle—You command—I submit heartily, yours. [Exit Young Clark]

*Sir Cha. Puppy!* [aside.] My nephew's a thinking, Mr. Heartly, as you see; and they have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: but indeed he has in a manner assured me, that your ward and he are not ill.



But here she is. Don't mind  
much, I beg of you.—Upon my  
morsel.

Enter Miss HARRIET

*Miss Har.* He is with compa-  
nions another time.'

*Lucy.* Young, handsome,  
seen!—You are very particula-

*Hea.* Miss Harriet, you must  
returns.] Sir Charles, give me  
you to this young lady.—You'll  
reason of this gentleman's visit!

*Miss Har.* Sir!

*Hea.* You may trust me, my  
turb'd, I shall not reproach you  
keeping your wishes a secret!

*Miss Har.* —Upon my word,

*Lucy.* Well, and Lucy! I'll  
of marriage.—Is that such a d-  
shame, madam! Young ladie  
frightened at such things now

*Hea.* —In the olden times, we had

— will soon be at an end, if young lat  
gentlemen grow over nice and exceptionless.

*Miss Har.* But if I can find one without  
faults, I may surely please myself.

*Lucy.* Without these faults! and is he  
mis?

*Miss Har.* He is sensible, modest, polite,  
and generous; and charms from the natural in  
of his own heart, as much as others disgust by  
senseless airs and insolent affectation.

*Lucy.* Upon my word!—But why have ye  
this secret so long?—Your guardian is kind  
beyond conception.—What difficulties can  
have to overcome?

*Miss Har.* Why, the difficulty of declar-  
ing sentiments.

*Lucy.* Leave that to me, mis.—But your  
with all his accomplishments, must have very  
penetration, not to have discovered his good  
to your eyes.

*Miss Har.* I take care that my eyes don't  
tach; and he has too much delicacy to make  
to his advantage. Resides



the impression which a v  
upon our hearts such a we  
excused ?

*Lucy.* By my faith, mis.  
You are afraid of being t  
really are so ;—I would so  
sions in the universe, than  
beating and fluttering it  
come, miss, open the wi  
devil out.

*Enter HE*

*Hea.* Leave us, Lucy.

*Lucy.* There's somethin  
hard I can't be of the par

*Hea.* She certainly thin  
the young man, that I  
choice.

*Miss Har.* What can I  
as much ashamed to make  
would be to understand it

*Hea.* Don't imagine, my  
more of your thoughts tha

*—I am inform*

*Miss Har. Sir!*

*Hca. Don't be uneasy; for I can with pleasure you, that your passion is return'd with derness.*

*Miss Har. If you are not deceiv'd—I can't be happy.*

*Har. I think I am not deceiv'd.—But, after narration you have made, and the absurd I have given you, why will you conceal longer? Have I not deserv'd a little more justice from you?*

*Har. You have indeed deserv'd it, and certainly have it, were I not well assured you would oppose my inclinations.*

*I oppose 'em!—Am I then so unkind to you?—Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you?—I promise you that I have no will but*

*Har. Since you desire it then, I will endeavor to explain myself.*

*I am all attention—Speak man,*

*Har. And if you will speak man,*

Y. Cla. Apropos, faith! here they  
Hea. I did not see him; but now  
plain'd.  
Miss Har. What can he want be-  
the most spiteful interruption.  
Y. Cla. By your leave, Mr. Hea

—Have I caught you at last, my C  
Well, Mr. Heartly, sans facor  
the matter, ho! —Things look a  
——One mutters to himself  
answer; and the other turns th  
me. —How the devil am I to

Miss Har. I wink at you, si  
Y. Cla. Yes, you, my ange  
Mr. Heartly, for Heaven's s  
Speak, I conjure you, is it He

Miss Har. What a dreadfi  
Y. Cla. Hope for the be  
about, I warrant you.

You have both of  
Then, I shall opp

I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him every thing goes on to our wishes.— [Going.  
Miss Har. Mr. Heartly—Pray, sir!

Mr. Poor Miss Harriet, I see your distress, and sorry for it ; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better.—Mr. Clackit, my dear, will be in of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time I shall be absent!—Poor Miss Harriet? [Smiling.] [Exit Heartly.

Y. Cla. Allez, allez, Monsieur!—I'll answer for that.—Well, ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to our wishes.—Be sincere, my adorable—Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Miss Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this?

Y. Cla. Inform you, Miss!—The matter, I believe, is pretty clear:—Our friends have understanding—we have affections——and a marriage follows of course.

Miss Har. Marriage, sir!—Pray what relation or particular connection is there between you and me, sir?

Y. Cla. I may be deceived, faith;—but upon my

raising all this confusion in  
ing your own inclinations?

*Miss Har.* Opposing my

*Y. Cla.* Ay, opposing yo  
dam.—Do you know, cl  
farce any longer, I shall be

*Miss Har.* I would wish  
that I never in my life ha  
you.

*Y. Cla.* Words, words, w

*Miss Har.* 'Tis most sinc

*Y. Cla.* Come, come, I h

*Miss Har.* Don't make  
Clackit.

*Y. Cla.* Don't make your  
riet.

*Miss Har.* I am only so  
ment me.

*Y. Cla.* [Smiling.] And  
you don't love me?

*Miss Har.* Positively not

*Y. Cla.* [Conceitedly.] A

which may convince you, Sir Charles,  
am of this alliance in our families.

Sir Cha. The thought of it rejoices n  
I will send for the fiddles, and take a da  
and a fig for the gout and rheumatism.—  
hold,—the lovers, methinks, are a little  
mour with each other—What is the ma  
Not pouting, sure, before your time.

Y. Cla. A trifle, sir—the lady will te  
[Hums a

Hea. You seem to be troubled, Harrie  
can this mean?

Miss Har. You have been in an error, s  
me.—I did not undeceive you, because I c  
imagine that the consequences could have  
serious and so sudden:—But I am now sc  
ell you, that you have misunderstood m  
on have distressed me.—

Hea. How, my dear?

Sir Cha. What do you say, Miss?

Y. Cla. Mademoiselle is pleased to be ent  
our; but I can't blame her.

*Sir Cha.* Well, but hark going a little too far.—*Wh-*

*Hea.* I never saw her so n  
*Y. Cla.* Upon my soul, get surprised at it as you can be  
terie between us arose up there was no passion, no pen-

*Sir Cha.* I'll tell you wh certain kind of impudence a approve of; and were I a y mical airs of yours would sui

*Y. Cla.* But as the young squeamish as you, uncle, I t me as I am. Ha! ha!—Be object to? I have offered to a proof sufficient that I like must have some affection that to indulge it. Ha! ha!

*Sir Cha.* Why really, frien how a young man can well do more.—What say you now?

should be the happiest of her sex.—But there is nothing surprising in all this; it is the misery of an overfond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

*Hea.* And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives.

[*Half aside.*]

*Enter LUCY.*

*Lucy.* Pray, gentlemen, what is the matter among you? And which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and she vows to return into the country again—I can get nothing but sighs from her.

*Y. Cla.* Poor thing!

*Lucy.* Poor thing! The devil take this love, I say—There's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

*Y. Cla.* I beg your pardon for that, Mrs. Abigail.

*Hea.* I must inquire further into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

*Lucy.* She desires, with the leave of these gentlemen, that, when she has recovered herself, she may talk with yon alone, sir. [To *Heartly*.]

*Hea.* I shall with pleasure attend her.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

*Y. Cla. Divin Bacchus:* La, la, la! [Sings.]

*Sir Cha.* I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm to be belov'd by that sweet creature as you are,



*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay, they are such with themselves!—Zounds, wher in love—

*Y. Cla.* You were a prodigious sure.

*Hea.* Look'ye, Mr. Clackit, if fections declare for you, she m with neglect or disdain—Nor cou Any man must be proud of her and he must be fashionably inser wou'd not make it his darling ca every inquietude the most delic her sex.

*Sir Cha.* Most nobly and warmly.—Go, to her, nephew directly, at her feet, and swear how much virtue have captivated you, and till you have set her dear little hei

*Y. Cla.* I must desire to be exc have me say the same thing over I can't do it, positively. It is my now.

*Sir Cha.* Damn your conceit !

*SCENE I.*

*Hea.* [Speaking to a Servant.] Tell Miss Harriet that I am here.—If she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room.—[Exit Servant.]—However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be deciphered—This young gentleman has certainly touch'd her. There are some objections to him, and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice. She has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion that occasions all this confusion.—But here she is.

'Enter Miss HARRIET.

*Miss Har.* I hope you are not angry, sir, that I left you so abruptly without making any apology?

*Hea.* I am angry that you think an apology necessary.—The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion, than I should have been with your excuses. You'll pardon me, my dear—

*Miss Har.* I have reflected, that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my partial



rious one, and cannot, like  
easily evaded; and tho'  
some disagreeable reflecti  
is to be given, we must sut

*Miss Har.* He still com  
cannot undeceive him.

*Hea.* Shall I take the li  
dear [*taking her Hand.*]—  
What is the matter with yo

*Miss Har.* Nothing, sir.

*Hea.* I guess whence pro  
—You fear that the world v  
inced of this young gentl  
—and, indeed, I could wis  
you; but your regard for t  
otherwise would have want  
blind to his failings.

*Miss Har.* And would you  
make choice of this gentlen

*Hea.* I would advise you,  
to consult your own heart t

*Miss Har.* If that is you

*Miss Har.* Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I cannot go through it. [Aside.]

*Hea.* Now, my dear, I am ready. Don't be disturb'd. He is certainly a man of family; and though he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them. Come, what shall I write?

[Preparing to write.]

*Miss Har.* Pray give me a moment's thought.—'Tis a terrible task, Mr. Heartly.

*Hea.* I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself: I shall wait with patience.—Come, Miss Harriet.

*Miss Har.* [Dictating.] \* It is in vain for me to conceal, from one of your understanding, the secrets of my heart.'

*Hea.* 'The secrets of my heart.' [Writing.]

*Miss Har.* 'Though your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.'

*Hea.* Do you think, my dear, that he is much troubled with those qualities?

*Miss Har.* Pray indulge me, sir.

*Hea.* I beg your pardon—'Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.'—[Writes.] So.

*Miss Har.* 'Every thing tells you, that it is you that I love.'

*Hea.* Very well. [Writes.]

*Miss Har.* Yes:—*You that I love;*—do you understand me?

*Hea.* O! yes, yes—I understand you—that it is

~~your infancy? it would be~~

*Miss Har.* It would indeed—I own it—  
proper.

*Hea.* What, did it escape you in your confusion?

*Miss Har.* It did indeed.

*Hea.* What must I put in its place?

*Miss Har.* Indeed I don't know. I have said  
more than enough to make myself understood.

*Hea.* Then I'll only finish your letter with the  
usual compliment, and send it away.

*Miss Har.* Yes—send it away—if you think I  
~~ought to send it.~~

*Med.*] Ought to send it!—Who's

me, to behave in this manner!

[Exit.]

*Lucy.* Extremely well this, and equally foolish, on both sides!—But what can be the meaning of it?—Ho, ho—I think I have a glimmering at last. Suppose she shou'd not like young Shatter-brains after all; and indeed she has never absolutely said she did; who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he finding her taste (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be. What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter, a wench of spirit as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be! It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately. [Going.] I will go directly to my young mistress; tease her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and if threat'ning, soothing, scolding, whimpering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning, and go upon the stage. [Exit.]

### Enter HEARTLY.

*Hea.* The more I reflect upon what has pass'd, the more I am convinc'd that she did not intend writing to this young fellow. What am I to think of it then? Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will be himself weak in that quarter. Had not my

upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

*Hea.* Upon my word, Sir Charles, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

*Sir Cha.* 'Egad, like enough.—But, hold, hold,—this must be look'd a little into:—If it is so, I would be glad to know, why, and wherefore, I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, Mr. Heartly; does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry

world!—I pres'd her so much, that she at last confess'd.

*Sir Cha.* Well, what?

*Lucy.* That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

*Sir Cha.* And I told the puppy so.

*Lucy.* That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

*Sir Cha.* Indeed!

*Lucy.* And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

*Hea.* This is very particular.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

*Lucy.* In short, as she had openly declar'd against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

*Sir Cha.* Of me, child?

*Lucy.* Yes, of you, sir——And she did not say me nay——but cast such a look, and fetch'd such a sigh,—that if ever I look'd and sigh'd in my life, I know how it is with her.

*Sir Cha.* What the devil!—Why surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain.—Mr. Heartly!—Eh!

*Lucy.* Indeed I do not, sir.—'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be so ridiculous as such a choice.—Now sir, I went a little farther,

' ha, ha!  
-Your betters  
at here he comes—Not  
I'll laugh at him most triumph-  
num, num.

Enter Young CLACKIT.

Y. Cla. [Music plays without.] That will do  
-divinely well.—Bravo, Bravo, Messieurs Vo-  
-Instrumental!—Stay in that chamber, and I  
-the time for your appearance.  
-Meeting by accident with  
my particular friends,  
Miss Harriet's  
partly.

*Cla.* Vous êtes bien drôle, mon oncle.—Ha,

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay, show your teeth, you have nothing else for it——But she has fix'd her heart upon other, I tell you.

*Y. Cla.* Very well, sir, extremely well.

*Sir Cha.* And that other, sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

*Y. Cla.* I am his most respectful humble servant.

*Sir Cha.* You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the Czar of Muscovy.

*Y. Cla.* [Smiling.] But, my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far—I shall begin to be uneasy.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, ay, I know your vanity:—You think now that the women are all for you young fellows.—

*Y. Cla.* Nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle:—Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Cha.* You'll make a damn'd foolish figure by and by, Jack.

*Y. Cla.* Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility;—for be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him.

[*Searching his Pockets.*]

Sir Cha.  
Mrs. Lucy! —  
story?  
Lucy. I don't understand it.  
Sir Cha. —Nor I! —  
Hea. [Hesitating.] Nor—I—  
Y. Cla. But I do,—and so you will all pre—  
—Well my dear uncle, what! are you asto—  
petrify'd, annihilated?  
Sir Cha. With your impudence, Jack! —  
see it out.

Enter Miss HARRIET.  
Miss Mar. Bless me, Mr. Heartly, who  
music for in the next room?

Y. Cla. I brought the gentlemen a  
Mademoiselle, to convince you, that  
ought, the honour you have done me  
with these.] But, for Heaven's sake, be  
nobody, and there folks: they tell me  
and for the soul of me, I don't know  
them.—Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Let us hear Miss spea—  
It is a most terrible  
to hesitate,

*'Har.* It is a power, indeed which he de-  
—I cannot be deceived in his conduct.—Mo-  
y may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in  
could proceed only from contempt.

*Sir Cha.* How prettily she reproaches me!—But  
I'll soon make it up with her.

*Miss Har.* As to that letter, sir, your error there  
is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a  
little blameable.—But it was not my fault that it  
was sent to you; and the contents must have told  
you, that it could not possibly be meant for you.

[To Y. Clackit.

*Sir Cha.* Proof positive, Jack:—Say no more.—  
Now is my time to begin.—Hem!—hem!—Sweet  
young lady!—hem! whose charms are so mighty,  
so far transcending every thing that we read of in his-  
tory or fable, how could you possibly think that my  
silence proceeded from contempt: Was it natural  
or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, may,  
just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

*Y. Cla.* O Misericorde! What, is my uncle my  
rival! Nay, then I shall burst, by Jupiter!—Ha! ha!  
ha!

*Miss Har.* Don't imagine, sir, that to me your  
age is any fault.

*Sir Cha.* [Bowing.] You are very obliging, ma-  
dam.

*Miss Har.* Neither is it, sir, a merit of that extra-

The more I was sensitive,  
were my motives to stifle the anger.  
—But now I can no longer resist the violence  
of passion, which casts me at your feet, the most  
worthy indeed of all your admirers, but of :  
most affectionate.

*Y. Cla.* So, so, the moon has changed, and  
grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

*Lucy.* What, my master in love too!—I'll  
trust these tye-wigs again. [As

*Miss Har.* I have refused my hand to Sir C  
and this young gentleman. The one accuses  
caprice, the other of insincerity.—Should I  
my hand a third time [smiling,] I might draw  
myself a more severe reproach;—and then  
accept your favour, sir, and will endeavour  
serve it.

*Hea.* And thus I seal my acknowledgment  
from henceforth devote my every thought  
my services, to the author of my happiness.

[Kisses her.]

*Lucy.* Since matters are so well settled  
congratulate you on your

Accept ~~com~~  
My friendly care shall change  
And the fond husband still the Guardian prove.  
[Exeunt.





